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# EXECUTION OF MAXWELL, PRELLER'S MURDERER.

# THE NEW YORK AND POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.  
Henry Weston.

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{ RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

{ VOLUME LII.—No. 571.  
Price Ten Cents.



JEALOUS VIENNESE FENCERS.

A BOSTON AUDIENCE WITNESSES A SLASHING DUEL BETWEEN TWO RIVAL FEMALE SWORDISTS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

## HOW ABOUT THIS, JOHN L.?

The following is from the New York *Herald*,  
August 14:

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## KILRAIN AFTER SULLIVAN.

RICHARD K. FOX DEPOSITS \$5,000 WITH THE HERALD FOR  
A FIGHT IN THE RING.

[BY THE COMMERCIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

HERALD BUREAU,  
NO. 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA,  
PARIS, AUGUST 14, 1888.

The HERALD's European edition publishes to-day the following:

An American entered the Paris office of the New York HERALD yesterday saying: "What is all this I see in your columns about John L. Sullivan being anxious to enter the ring against Jake Kilrain? I am ready to back Kilrain for \$10,000 against Sullivan or any one else, and if the HERALD will accept a deposit of \$5,000 or \$10,000, just to show I am talking business, I will place the money with the HERALD now."

The American laid his card and check on the table. One read, "Mr. Richard K. Fox, the New York *Police Gazette*." The other read:

PARIS, August 13, 1888.

THE PARK NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK:  
Pay to the order of THE NEW YORK HERALD the sum  
of \$5,000.

RICHARD K. FOX.

## A CHALLENGE TO SULLIVAN.

Mr. Fox chatted awhile about fighting and fighters. He said: "I see Sullivan has left the circus business and offers to fight Mitchell or Kilrain, with a preference for my champion, Jake Kilrain. Sullivan says he has friends who will back him. Now, here is my money," said Mr. Fox, "and here is a letter which I ask the HERALD to publish," and he handed over this communication:

"PARIS, August 13, 1888.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:  
"I see by your cable reports from America that John L. Sullivan says he is anxious to meet my champion, Jake Kilrain. I am prepared to back Kilrain against Sullivan, or any other man in the world, for \$10,000 or more.

## TERMS OF THE DEPOSITS.

"Will the HERALD please accept on deposit my enclosed check for \$5,000 and hold it until the 30th of September next, to be covered by anyone desirous of meeting Kilrain in the heavy-weight championship of the world and the *Police Gazette* diamond belt, the men to fight not sooner than six months from the date of signing the articles. The second deposit to be \$2,500 a side, and made with the *Sporting Life* of London, and the third and last deposit of \$2,500 to be made with the *New York Clipper*, which is to be the final stakeholder."

"There are many good men living. I think Kilrain is the best. If any one thinks differently I trust that he will embrace the present excellent opportunity to prove it.

Yours very truly,

"RICHARD K. FOX."

Mr. Fox was duly given a receipt for his five thousand dollar check which he left with the HERALD.

"I have just seen Kilrain," said Mr. Fox. "He is a little fat, but could soon get that off. I am more pleased with him than ever. He is still in training at Tony Moore's house, where he is staying and where a track has been laid down for his special use.

## ROWE AND MITCHELL TO HANDLE HIM.

"Should a match be arranged, Charley Rowell will train him and Mitchell will second him. Kilrain and Mitchell purpose sailing soon for New York, where they will have a hearty reception down the bay, which I am arranging under the direction of my sporting editor, William E. Harding, and Christopher Clarke."

It will now be in order for John L. Sullivan and his backers to stop croaking and put up his money, if he ever intends to meet Jake Kilrain, the champion of the world. Should Sullivan fail to respond in a business-like way by covering Kilrain's backer's \$5,000, then the offer will be open to any heavy-weight in the world.

## MAXWELL'S EXECUTION. -

In the execution of Hugh M. Brooks, the St. Louis trunk murderer, on Friday, was ended one of the most sensational criminal cases that the civil authorities of this country have ever been called upon to deal with. The crime for which Brooks, alias Maxwell, suffered the death penalty was a most cold-blooded one, and in the face of the strong circumstantial evidence against him, it is singular how the hand of Justice could have been stayed so long in his case.

The public have watched the progress of the case with the most intense interest, and there are few persons who do not believe that the penalty suffered by Brooks was not a just one, in spite of the long and bitter contest in the courts.

Governor Moorehouse has withheld the almost overwhelming pressure brought to bear on him in Maxwell's behalf with remarkable firmness. He is to be commended for his action in refusing the exercise of executive clemency, considering that the English government virtually saw fit to interpose in behalf of the doomed man. He had the good sense to see that it was not a cause which demanded any such interference. The prisoner was ably defended in the courts of this country, and it was an unwarranted assumption on the part of England in having anything to do with the matter at all.

Let Maxwell's fate be a warning to all evildoers, whatever may be their nationality.

## MASKS AND FACES

How Marcus Mayer Rushed  
the Growler.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## Jack Robinson as a Circus Girl

## --Tony Pastor's Hats.

## CHAFF AND CHIT-CHAT.

"I hear that Patti made \$20,000 in gold at her benefit in Buenos Ayres," said Harry Sellars the other night. "That calls to my mind the fact that we fellows once made Marcus Mayer, her acting manager, rush the growler in the most every-day fashion. Some of us fellows had a flat near Broadway and met in an informal way every night. One of the unwritten rules of this informal club was that each fellow was to take his turn at rushing the growler. One night Marcus Mayer came in and drank with us. Then his turn came to rush the growler. He looked embarrassed, stammered, protested. We made him go. He was dressed in his usual swell style. He had on a high silk hat, a light blue frock coat, buff trousers, patent leather shoes with uppers, a white vest, and on his embroidered shirt front blazed a head light of stunning brightness. High and mighty Marcus took the growler and rushed it!"

Our venerable friend Uncle Tom will re-appear on the 18th at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston. Clay Greena has given the old fellow a new coat and has patched up the old cabin.

Thus rejuvenated, the sterling play will make the tour of the country.

The cast is certainly a notable one: Phineas Fletcher, Frank Mordant: Uncle Tom, Milt. G. Barlow; Simon Legree, Frank Losee; Marks, Harry Webber; George Harris, Mark Price; Henry St. Clair, J. N. Long; Tom Loker, George P. Wall; George Shelby, Chas. J. Greene; Captain of the steamer Natchez, W. A. McCormick; Eva, Little Carrie Webber; Eliza Harris, Lillian Eldridge; Cassey, Mercedes Malarini; Aunt Ophelia, Louisa Eldridge; Chloe, Addie Davis; Queen Elizabeth, Louise Rial; Topsy, Alice Harrison.

John Kornell has been betting on the races.

Harry Kornell has been attending temperance meetings.

Marietta Nash, in "Katti," seems to have caught on in the city of beans and culture.

Martin Julian received a black thorn stick from James Donnell.

Billy Forest is rustinating at Long Branch.

I hope he'll learn a few new songs, with the accent on the new.

Jack Robinson, the veteran circus man who died last week, left a fortune of \$80,000, a nice, snug sum.

That reminds me of Jack's versatility.

In his early days as a manager Robinson, in order to save salaries used to play girl parts.

He dressed himself as a girl, put on tulle and tights, mounted a horse and did the fancy riding. He was slight and graceful then, and the trick worked beautifully.

"I actually used to get smash letters," he said to a friend. "And many a time, after the show, I read them to the fellows. My circus name on the bills when I appeared as a lady rider was Mademoiselle Jacqueline. I kept an appointment with a masher late one night, and he didn't tumble to his mistake that I was a man until he attempted to be fresh and put his hand into my puffed and padded bosom. Then my modesty was shocked, and I let him have one in the eye."

John Sparks, late of Harrigan's, is going back to the variety stage.

He will do an act with Pat Reilly.

Tony Pastor has started on his tour.

"Hats!" said Mr. Pastor. "Do you ask me how many high hats I have used in the course of my thirty years career. Let me see. During the war, after the war, during the reconstruction period, during the civil rights period, during civil service reform. I wore different styles of hat. I average four hats a season. I am as bad as a ballet dancer with her slippers. In thirty years I suppose I must have used no less than one hundred and fifty plug hats."

The Howard Specialty Show, under Rich and Harris, is to make a strong bid for popular favor.

You'll certainly have your money's worth if you like that sort of thing.

Here are some of the people.

The Cinquevalli troupe of acrobats and Paul Cinquevalli, juggler; the Knife Grinders of Paris (Carl Minelli troupe); Ida Heath, transformation dancer; Lydia Yea-

mans (Sally in our Alley); Tennyson and O'Gorman, Irish singers and dancers; R. O. Duncan, ventriloquist; James Hoey, Wood and Sheppard, and the Poluska Bros., comic acrobats.

Lydia Yeaman recently made a big hit in the music halls of London.

She belongs to the well-known Yeaman family, but for some reason or other is said not to be on speaking terms with her mother and sisters.

"One of my admirers in England," said Miss Yeaman to an acquaintance not long ago, "was a certain paid claqueur. His name was Snags. That was what they called him. He was an elderly fellow, who, by force of going to the theatre so often, became a kind of lunatic on the subject of greatness. One of his hobbies was to imagine that he was Richard III, and he would write me notes like a king. He always began his letters: 'We, Richard, King of Great Britain and Ireland, to our well-beloved subject, Lydia, greeting!' I was awfully afraid of this fellow at first, but I soon found out he was harmless, and I humored him. I went in bathing at Brighton not long ago and whom should I see on the sand but my eccentric admirer. I was talking to a gentleman, an officer in uniform, when Snags came up. He was a sight. He had on a yellow night-cap and was wrapped in a big red army blanket. He came up and stared at the officer. Then he yelled: 'Off with 'is head! So much for Buckenham!' and vanished. And yet I really preferred this poor, half-witted admirer to some

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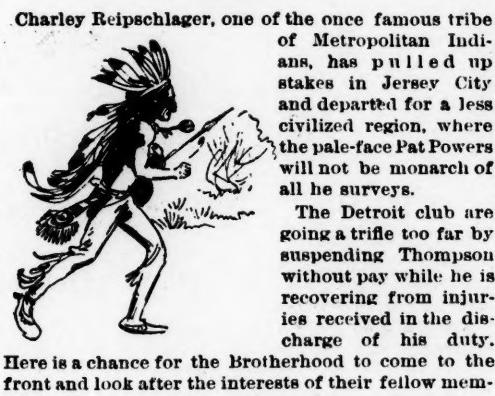
## BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



David Orr,

First baseman of the Brooklyn club, was born in New York city Sept. 29, 1859. He first played with the Alaska and Quickstep semi-professional teams of this city. In 1883 he made his debut as a professional in the Newark, N. J., club; signed with the Metropolitans in July, 1883. September 27th and 28th, 1883, his hard hitting against the Columbus club fully established his reputation as a first-class base-ball player—he making a two-base hit, two three-base hits, and two home runs. Orr participated in thirteen championship contests in 1883—after his engagement with the Metropolitans. He stood at the head of the list of his club in batting averages, and the official figures of the American Association place him tenth in number as batsman of that body for 1883—a record not often attained by any man in his first professional season. On May 22, 1884, at the Metropolitan Park, on the east side of this city, Orr hit a ball so hard that it cleared the fence and landed in the East River. No other batsman has yet been able to achieve a similar feat.



Charley Reischlager, one of the once famous tribe of Metropolitan Indians, has pulled up stakes in Jersey City and departed for less civilized region, where the pale-face Pat Powers will not be monarch of all his surveys.

The Detroit club are going a trifling too far by suspending Thompson without pay while he is recovering from injuries received in the discharge of his duty.

Kelly drinks at night to drown his disappointment, and drinks in the morning to brace him up and give him courage, and between the night and morning is when he raises hell.

We are saving up all our rotten eggs for Joe Horning, as he has promised to rotten egg Manager Morrill before the close of the season. We have nothing against Morrill, but we would just like to see if he would look as bad as he would smell.

Anson does not believe in Jonahs, but somehow he thinks the club has no luck while they wear the swallow tails, so they have laid them away for winter receptions, and to put on lugs with when they go to Australia.

Manager Schmelz soaked Long John Reilly \$50 and Runt Nicol \$25 for their recent fight. When the fines were deducted on the following pay day they both got hot away up under their collars, and Schmelz raised the ante, fining them each \$100 more. They refused to play, and were each suspended, but peace and harmony was once more restored by the timely arrival of President Sterns, who remitted the fines.

Poor Anson, he is getting it in the neck now for all he is worth. While the Chicagoans were in the lead Anson was the greatest general in the world and possessed the finest judgment on earth, but now since his club has fallen back to second place, his actions are criticised in the most severe terms, and he is called bull-headed and many other pet expressions of that description.

The Bostons ran the gauntlet for a whole week without losing a game, and there was great rejoicing in the beaver.

High salaries are landing the minor league clubs high and dry.

The Brooklyns are too polite to hit the ball hard, but the chances are that their extreme modesty will about land them in fourth place.

There is nothing like good solid gall and plenty of it.

In this respect Webber, recently of the New Orleans club, is doing quite well. The club was on the verge of bankruptcy. He had been getting \$200 per month, and when he was offered \$150 per month for the remainder of the season, he declined it with scorn on the grounds that it

would be cheapening professional rates, and he could not afford to set a bad example. The quicker such jackasses as this are frozen out of the business the better it will be for baseball.

A minor league that flourished this season that few baseball cranks ever heard of is the Northern Iowa Baseball League. It was composed of six clubs, all of them playing the season through without a break, the Greene club winning the pennant with a percentage of .800, and Charles City coming in second with a record of .77 per cent.

There is nothing like being held in esteem, as Corcoran discovered when he left Lynn to go to Worcester, as his admiring friends made up a purse of \$55, which they presented to him. Some jealous fellows

were mean enough to intimate that the money was raised because they were so glad to get rid of him that they made it an object for him to stay away.

What takes the bun is the jealousy which exists between Galvin and Morris, since you could not get even a tenth-rate pitcher were you to throw the two of them into a pot, boil them down and mold them into one.

What on earth is Dave Orr thinking about? Certainly he does not expect the Brooklyn club to support him in idleness. Can it be possible that Dave is getting the big head and imagines that the club can't get along without him? The straw that broke the camel's back was the fact of his being well enough to go to Coney Island, but too sick to report for duty and play ball.

Boston is certainly a great ball town, and even now, during the club's adversity, the public are standing by the boys as firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

A few months ago it was: "Damn Jim Mutrie; throw him overboard; shoot him; hang him; he is a dead no good; he don't know how to manage a club, and never did know; the club will never amount to anything till they bounce Jim Mutrie;" but now it is: "Mr. James Mutrie, who has landed his club in the lead, made a pleasant call last night; Mr. Mutrie won the championship with the Metropolitans in 1884 and he will win it this year with the New Yorks; Mr. Mutrie has a long head, and it is his able management that planted the New Yorks on top; hurrah for Mutrie, he's the boy; there isn't another man in the country that could handle the New Yorks like Mutrie; long live Mr. Mutrie; he is the greatest man in the world; to the victor belong the spoils." Jim takes a very philosophical view of the matter. Instead of strutting around like a peacock, with a swelled head and taking all the credit, he says: "No manager can make a lot of old ball players work. Many a night I have laid awake thinking how to win games; but it's no use. You can't do it. It lays entirely with the players."

When Brouthers made his two-base hit in the first inning the ball was thrown to Williamson, who missed it, but in order to prevent Brouthers going to third he fell down and Brouthers fell over him. Before he could get up the ball was fielded. — *Chicago Inter-Ocean.* Is this the way that they call ball playing in Chicago? Here we look upon it as the dirtiest kind of low lived trickery.

Manager Barnie, of the Baltimore club, is springing an old gag on his players, which is working most admirably, as there is not the slightest prospect of his giving up a single dollar, and it is making the players work till their tongues hang out, while Barnie is raking in the money hand over fist, as it keeps his club fifth in the race and makes it one of the best drawing cards in the American Association. The trick is to offer each player \$50 extra if the club finishes in third place, \$150 if it finishes in second place, and \$200 if in first place. The club has no ghost of a show to get as high as third place with such clubs as St. Louis, Brooklyn, Athletic, and Cincinnati in the field. Barnie is safe and is bound to make a winner.

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club would have taken him but they thought \$10,000 a shade too fancy. They got frightened at the great display of ciphers and think that at least two or three of them should be knocked off in order to bring the figures down in the neighborhood of the true value of the man.

The Pittsburgh directors made themselves the laughing stock of the country by getting so stuck on their team as to promise the boys a brass band reception, if they won every game while away on this trip. They might just as well have been real liberal and offered each man his weight in gold. It would have looked big, you see, and besides being a great advertisement and giving the papers a chance to boom up the Pittsburgh club and the great liberality of its management, there would not have been the slightest possibility of their being stuck, as the Pittsburgh club is away outclassed when they confront such clubs as New York, Philadelphia and Boston, not to mention Washington, and there was not a ghost of a chance of their running the gauntlet without losing a game.

Tom O'Rourke, Boston's quiet catcher, says if the home team don't get as good as fourth position that he is willing to make a giant swing off Brooklyn bridge.—*Boston Globe.* The bean eaters will have to do some pretty lively hustling in order to keep their quiet catcher from making his giant swing, as the Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Indianapolis clubs all are important factors in the race, and each are aspirants for fourth place.

Buck Ewing is writing a book on baseball entitled "Whiskers on the Moon," or "How to Learn to Play Ball by Gaslight."

Now, since the Detroit club has dropped down to third place, the press of that city have made the startling discovery that Watkins is a dead no good.

That big loafer, Daily, of the Indianapolis club, thinks it makes him look smart to indulge

in dirty ball playing, and is constantly making himself obnoxious by his dirty tricks. He played third base in the second game of the last series in New York, and got in his dirty work on two occasions. He first blocked Mickey Welch from scoring by deliberately preventing him from getting past third base, when he could have scored with ease on Ward's hit. Then again in the sixth, inning Richardson was on third and Tiernan on second when Connor made a long safe hit to the out-field. Daily deliberately braced himself at third to prevent Tiernan from touching the base. The two men came almost to a scuffle before Tiernan succeeded in touching the base, which resulted in such a delay that Tiernan was thrown out at the home plate.

## TWO DUDES' ADVENTURES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The inhabitants of Burlington, N. J., were treated to an unusual occurrence on Saturday night. They are still very much worked up over it. Two gorgeously attired dudes arrived there on the train from Philadelphia. They appeared to have dined to their entire satisfaction, but they had taken too much wine. They were prepared to captivate the ladies of the village, and evidently fancied themselves irresistible. The first woman they met was not young. Her iron-bound spectacles rested firmly upon her nose. The young men passed her with a genial "Hello, Sarah." The spectacles turned upon them in mild reproof.

The young men soon met a pretty young woman, whose flashing black eyes needed no spectacles. "Are there, my darling," they said. The black eyes snapped and the pretty face of the girl crimsoned with indignation. These dangerous signals did not frighten the dudes one bit. They edged up close to the young girl, and one of them put his arm around her waist, and as his face approached her rosy cheeks, he felt a shock on his right ear and another on his left, as if he had been struck by a cyclone. His companion heard the noise and remarked, "Well, Harry, you got a box on the ears that time that you won't forget in a hurry." While Harry was recovering his equilibrium, his pretty captive slipped from his arm and ran down the street. When Harry had recovered himself she had disappeared. The two adventurers were finally run down by a howling mob, accompanied by police officers, by whom they were finally captured.

## A LUCKLESS LAWBREAKER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time a gang of desperate moonshiners have been operating around the coal mines and railroad camps near Birmingham, Ala. They recently became so bold that they defied arrest, and the last Deputy United States Marshal who visited that section was run out and ordered never to return by the moonshiners. Last Sunday night the gang waylaid and murdered a prominent citizen of Bibb county named John Lawley. A strong posse was organized to hunt down the outlaws. They were soon found, and after an exchange of shots the moonshiners took refuge in an old drift at the Brierfield coal mines. The posse determined to starve them to death if they would not come out and surrender. Tuesday night one of the moonshiners made a wild rush from the drift, hoping to escape in the darkness. He was fired on and fell dead. The others are still in the drift and refuse to surrender.

## ALMOST SUFFOCATED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Early Wednesday morning a fierce fire broke out in the bi-metallic mine, near Phillipsburg, Mon. The excitement was intense. This is one of the largest mining districts in the State. Several miners made their escape by climbing up a ladder in the old chute to the second level, where they were rescued.

## THE MOST INTERESTING.

George Heisler, of Govanstown, Md., in writing to renew his subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE, says: "It is the most interesting paper in my shop. I could not be without it."

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



J. P. Cleary

Is the Chief of Police of Rochester, N. Y. He is forty-five years of age, and has held his present position for three years, having been appointed in 1885. He entered on the police force when twenty-three years old, making him twenty-two years in the service. He is a man of genial disposition, sound judgment and rare courage.

## James McHenry.

Special Officer Sol Coulson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a very clever capture in that city a few days ago, when he apprehended James McHenry, an extensive green goods manipulator. McHenry had in his possession when arrested \$45,000 in bogus greenbacks.

## Joseph Chevialkowski.

The nephew of the Pole, Joseph Tomowski, at Wanger, Minn., who was murdered a short time ago, has confessed to having committed the deed. Tomowski was the uncle of his slayer. Chevialkowski's explanation for killing his uncle is that "the devil possessed him and told him to do it." The murderer is only eighteen years of age.

## William Dickman.

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad yards, Cincinnati, O., were the scene of a most brutal crime a few days ago, when William Dickman murdered a fellow workman named Loze. The two got in a quarrel, when Dickman dealt Loze a powerful blow with a club, killing him almost instantly. He then fled. The murderer is still at large.

## Katie Hart.

Miss Katie Hart, whose picture adorns another column, is known throughout the land as "the Streak o' Sunshine." She is one of the liveliest little soubrettes on the American stage. Her singing and wing dancing have elicited rounds of applause wherever she has appeared. Miss Hart will be the leading star in the musical comedy success entitled the "Kinder-garden" during the coming season, which will soon be played throughout the States.

## William M. Morrissey.

Syracuse, N. Y., has a young lawyer who dresses with such artistic taste as did William M. Morrissey. From his gold-rimmed eyeglasses down to his glove-fitting shoes, his attire was faultless, ultra-fashionable and ablaze with diamonds of the purest ray. Morrissey has been cutting a great swell lately, spending money right and left. He was a law student in Judge Spencer's office. The accounts of several estates were in his charge. Morrissey recently disappeared, and it now turns out that he is an embezzler in a large amount.

## Lizzie Liechtnauer.

The shooting of Thomas Mangan by Lizzie Liechtnauer at Durhamville, N. Y., on Friday night, and the subsequent attempt of the young lady to commit suicide, has created a big sensation in that section. The maiden, though wounded badly, was able to make a statement in reference to her desperate act. She alleges that Mangan, who was her betrothed, was devoting his attentions to another young lady, and to get even with him she determined to kill him. At last accounts both Mangan and Miss Liechtnauer were still alive.

## Mrs. Rebecca Shanley.

The wife of a well-known New York merchant, has gone, her husband knows not where. He is the superintendent of the Nathan Manufacturing Company on Liberty street, this city, has a handsome income, and lives in elegant style at 50 Jersey avenue, Jersey City. Mr. Shanley found a batch of love letters signed "Harry" in his wife's room recently, and this fact, coupled with the simultaneous disappearance of Harry C. Fuller, of Jersey City, with that of his wife, seems to indicate that the two have eloped. The missing woman is a tall, beautiful blonde of thirty years. She has moved in excellent society and her character has never been assailed.

## BROKE HIS NECK WRESTLING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few days ago Luke Muldoon and Pat Flaherty of Cincinnati, O., burly laborers, got into a dispute about some points in wrestling. They agreed to wrestle and did so. Muldoon threw Flaherty and broke his neck, killing him at once.

At Los Angeles, on August 9, at the Agricultural Park, the mile and a quarter race was won by Laura Gardner in 2:07 1/4, being the best record for the distance ever made on the Pacific Coast, and within a quarter of a second of the fastest time on record.



A. L. DRUMMOND,

EX-CHIEF OF THE NEW YORK DIVISION OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.



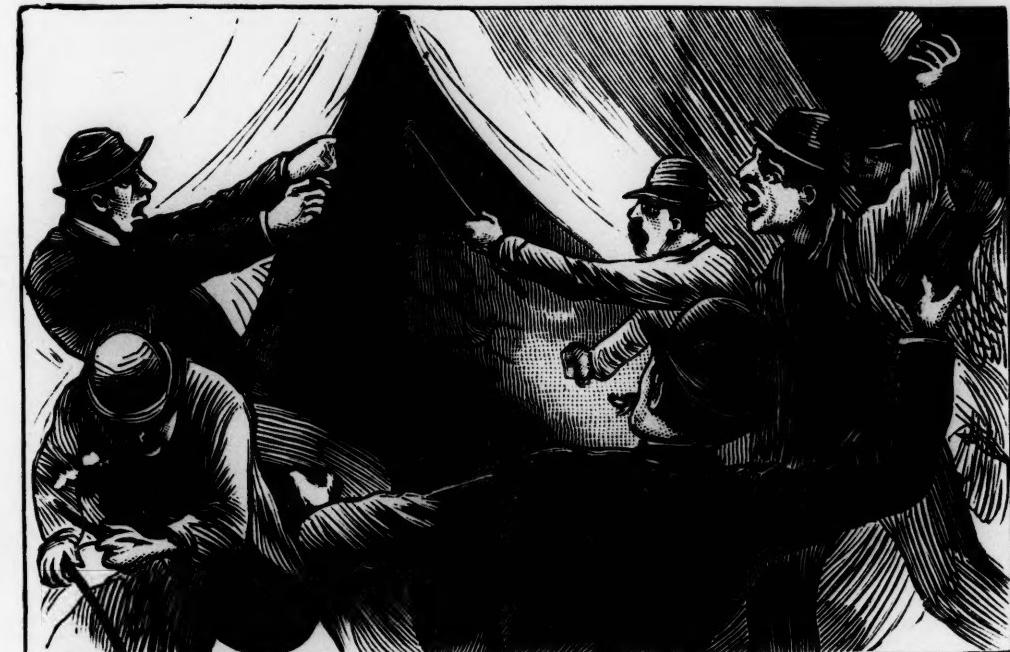
KATIE HART,

THE PRETTY MUSICAL COMEDIAN POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE "STREAK O' SUNSHINE."



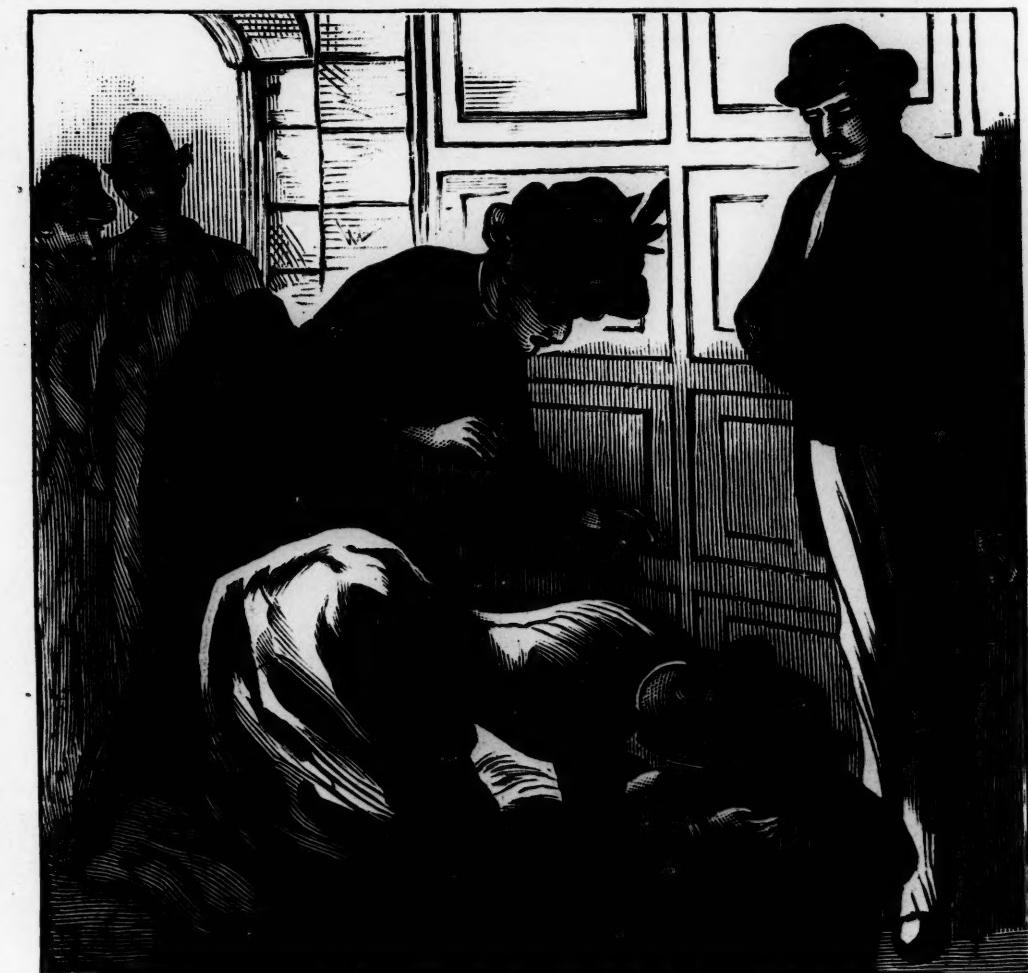
A LOVER'S TRAGEDY.

PRETTY MAY PATTON, OF JOHNSTOWN, PA., MURDERS HER LOVER AND SUICIDES BECAUSE HE WANTS TO DESERT HER.



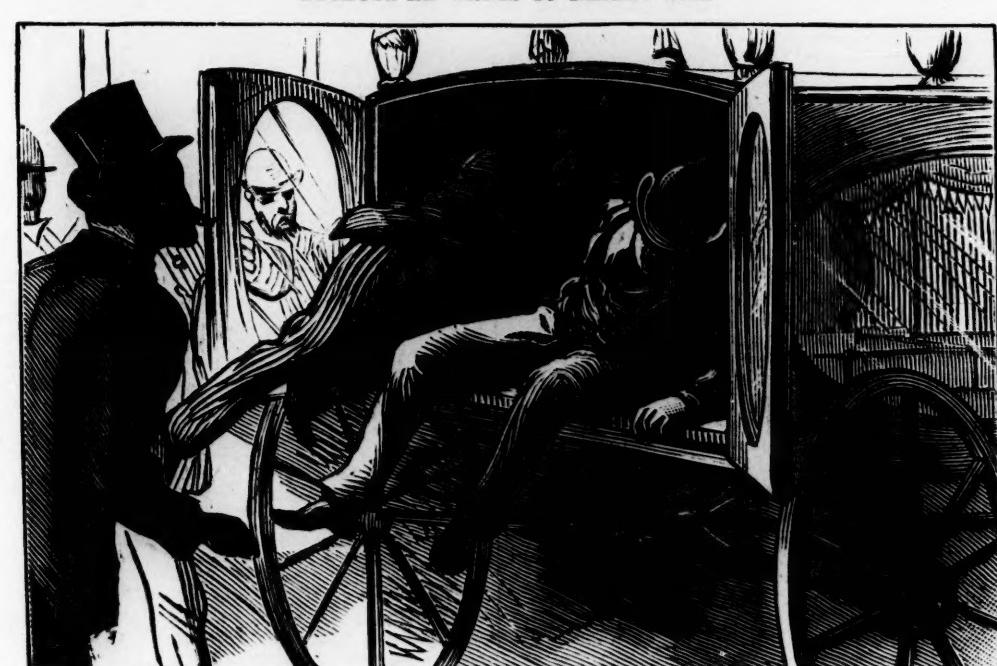
SERVED THEM RIGHT.

HOODLUMS ATTACK SALVATION ARMY NUISANCES AT WASHINGTON, IND., AND GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE.



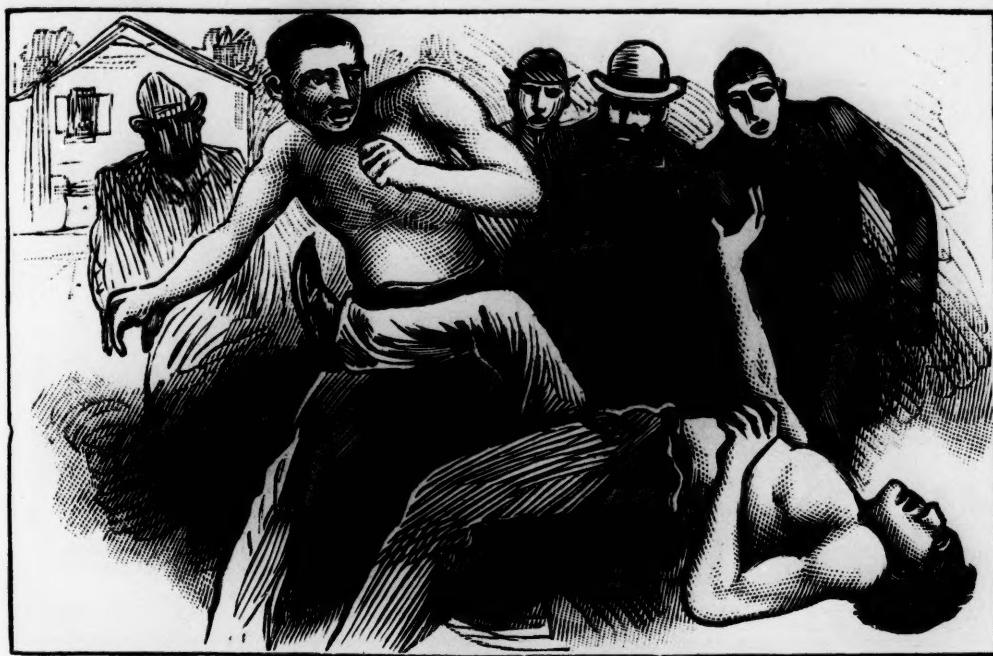
HIS MISTRESS' LAST CARESS.

NELL LOWREY SOBS HYSTERICALLY OVER THE COFFIN OF "BLINKY" MORGAN THE MURDERER, HANGED AT COLUMBUS, O., AUGUST THIRD.



FOND OF STRONG JOKES.

A PARTY OF CHICAGO BROKERS END UP A LARK AND ASTONISH THE NATIVES BY GOING HOME IN A HEARSE.



BROKE HIS NECK WRESTLING.

PAT FLAHERTY, WHILE ENGAGED IN A FRIENDLY TUSSLE WITH LUKE MULDOON AT CINCINNATI, O., IS KILLED BY A FALL.



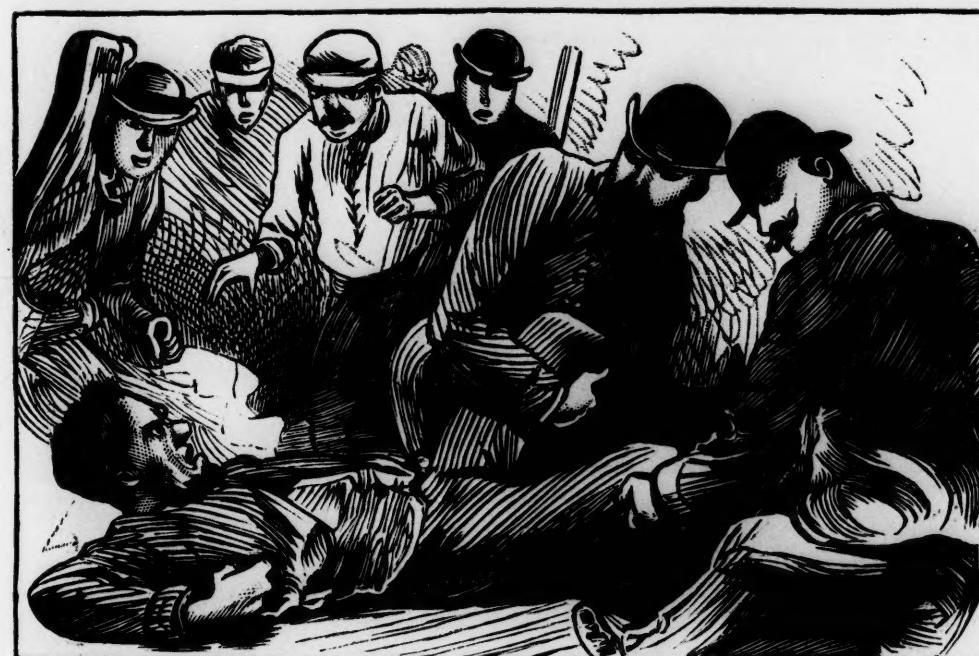
A LUCKLESS LAWBREAKER.

SHERIFF'S OFFICERS CORNER SEVERAL MOONSHINERS NEAR BIRMINGHAM, ALA., AND KILL ONE WHO TRIES TO ESCAPE.



HOODLUMS LET LOOSE.

SEVERAL STREET URGHINS IN PATERSON, N. J., STEAL FIFTEEN GALLONS OF RARE OLD MADERIA AND GET HILARIOUSLY FULL.



DRAGGED OFF BY HIS FEET.

A LAW AND ORDER OFFICER WHO SOUGHT TO STOP A BALL GAME AT MARINETTE, WIS., GETS A WARM RECEPTION.



A YOUNG GIRL'S DESPERATE ACT.

POLICE PERSECUTION CAUSES A DETROIT, MICH., PROSTITUTE TO JUMP FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW.



ALMOST SUFFOCATED.

WORKMEN ENTOMBED IN A BURNING MINE NEAR PHILLIPSBURG, MON., ESCAPE BY CLIMBING UP A CHUTE.



HIS NEGLECT WAS FATAL.

EDWARD BROSS, AN ELECTRIC LIGHT LINEMAN AT SCRANTON, PA., LOSES HIS LIFE BY HIS OWN CARELESSNESS.

# NOOSSED!

C. Arthur Preller's Murderer  
Dies on the Gallows  
at Last.

## COOLNESS OF THE MURDERER.

The Doomed Man Breaks Down when  
Taking Leave of His Mother  
and Sister.

## SCENES BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

### [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, the murderer of C. Arthur Preller, was executed at St. Louis on Friday morning last. Henry Landgraf, who shot and killed his sweetheart on the evening of March 5, 1888, was executed on the same scaffold, both the condemned dying together.

Maxwell was very cool up to the last. As the procession emerged from the jail into the grassy yard he gave one glance at the sea of heads upon the high buildings in the vicinity. Then his gaze fell to the ground and he moved his head forward toward Father Tahan, who, walking a step in advance, was reciting the offices for the dead.

Maxwell bore himself with the carriage of a soldier, and while crossing the yard made a quick catch step in order to be in unison with the march of the guard.

### ON THE SCAFFOLD.

It took but a moment to ascend the steps to the scaffold. The two men were quickly placed beneath the ropes. Maxwell gave one last, firm look at them before him, and murmured a good-by to his father confessor.

The black caps were drawn, the necks of both encircled with the noose, and, before one-half of the would-be spectators had been able to show themselves through the narrow doorway into the yard, the trap had been sprung and the bodies were dangling in mid-air.

Only about two minutes elapsed between the mounting of the scaffold and the springing of the trap. Landgraf dropped like a log and his body swung perfectly motionless, but Maxwell died hard.

His lower limbs writhed convulsively and his arms, which had been tied across his chest, moved up and down from the elbow joints as though he was seeking to loosen the fetters and grasp the rope above him. His neck had been broken, the subsequent post mortem showed, and the rope had cut deeply into the flesh.

### Before the Execution.

Maxwell awoke at six o'clock in the morning with a start and jumped out of bed. There was a smile upon his face, and as he hastily washed and dressed himself he whistled a few bars of a comic ditty. He ate a hearty breakfast of toasted bacon, baked potatoes, boiled eggs, toast and coffee.

Breakfast over, he lighted a cigarette and challenged the deputy sheriff to a game of dominoes. While playing the second game Sheriff Harrington was admitted, whose manner indicated he was a bearer of bad tidings.

"What is it?" interrogated the doomed man, breathlessly. "What is it?" he repeated, "what's the news?" "The respite is refused," the sheriff replied, huskily.

Maxwell's cheeks blanched, his lips quivered with emotion and the dominoes fell from his nerveless hand. With the remark, "It's all over," articulated so hoarsely that it could hardly be understood, he turned to his cell, staggered rather than walked through the gate, threw himself upon the cot, and turning his face to the wall, sobbed aloud. Tears, too, were streaming down the cheeks of the sheriff and of the usual stony-hearted jailers. For half an hour the condemned man was left alone in his grief, and then the sheriff entered the cell, thoroughly searched his clothing, and, finding nothing with which an attempt at suicide might be made, conducted him to another cell and changed the death watch. Meanwhile the condemned man's mother and sister had been apprised of the result.

A carriage had been in waiting outside of the residence where they have been staying, and they were quickly driven to jail. When they arrived they were informed that they could not see their boy until his cell had been changed, and they were escorted into the jailor's office. There the poor mother, unable to control her emotion, threw herself into her daughter's arms, burst into tears and moaned pitifully. The young girl's tears mingled with her mother's. "They will murder my boy, they will murder him. O God, help my poor boy!" sobbed the mother in the agony of her grief, and then she swooned away. The last blighting of her hopes was as terrible as unexpected.

Mrs. Brooks soon recovered consciousness, however, and then for half an hour the unfortunate ladies were left alone. Maxwell was placed in the death cell, where he held an earnest conversation with Father Tahan, his father confessor, after which the sheriff permitted the grief-stricken mother and sister to go behind the bars.

When they stood before him Maxwell sprang from his seat, and with a bound, despite the deputy's interposition, his arms were thrown around his mother's neck. The lips of mother and son had met for the first time in many years. The mother opened the con-

versation by saying she had anticipated a different result.

All three took turns in denouncing Governor Morehouse, the State of Missouri and the United States. When the ladies withdrew from the cell, Maxwell sat for some time with his face buried in his hands, but he soon recovered his wonted equanimity. In reply to a question as to whether he had given up hope, he responded promptly in the negative, at the same time

that I left Mr. Brown's office and went to their London agents, where I stayed five years. I am a lawyer by profession, but I have studied medicine at the Collegiate School, Manchester. I was much interested in sciences and medical studies generally, but I am not a practicing physician. I practiced law not quite two years.

I met C. A. Preller first at the Northwest Hotel, Liverpool, and became acquainted with him on board

to take to New Zealand for the purposes of exhibition. Preller professed himself interested in this venture of his friend, and offered assistance. Then followed another lengthy examination upon the friendly relations between Maxwell and Preller, a peculiar ailment of the latter's, and an operation which Maxwell was to perform upon his friend. Incidentally the prisoner stated that the condition of his finances was known to Preller and that the latter offered to pay Maxwell's expenses. Then the examination recurred to the operation to be performed in Maxwell's room. Now that the actual scene of death was approached, nothing could rob the story of its intense and thrilling interest. In a low, even voice the prisoner began:

"Mr. Preller undressed and laid down upon the bed. I poured some of the chloroform upon lint and held it above his face, about six inches from the nostrils, so that the vapor of the chloroform might be well mixed with atmospheric air. I told him to breathe naturally, and the inhalation began. Presently, while reaching for more chloroform, I discovered that the bottle had been upset and nearly emptied. I hurriedly procured more. When I returned I found Preller was still lying upon the bed. I again applied the chloroform, and when I thought that a sufficient degree of unconsciousness had been reached I began the operation. Upon that Preller made a peculiar noise, as if he suffered pain. His eyes were opened, and I noticed that the pupils were still sensitive to the light. I poured more chloroform upon the lint and held it again over his face. Suddenly I noticed that he began to breathe in a stertorous manner. I at once suspended the administration of the chloroform, cut off his shirt and undershirt, and worked his arms to produce artificial respiration. I continued my efforts to revive my friend for upward of an hour. Very shortly after I began the heart's action ceased, the pulse stopped, and the mirror held over his lips bore no stain. Preller was dead."

Now followed a detailed account of Maxwell's actions to cover up his crime—as he called it, his unlucky operation. He described how he put the body into the trunk, and then he went to the hotel bar to drown his thoughts by drink. After roaming about the city he returned to his room, discovered Preller's trousers and found in them a roll of bills amounting to \$500. He took the money and purchased the trunks, the satchel and the ticket for San Francisco. The "traitor" placard, redolent with more extravagant surmises and fantastic theories than any feature of the strange case, was shown the prisoner, who admitted that he wrote it and placed it in the trunk. He said that he was under the influence of liquor when he did so, and that he thought it would puzzle the authorities. His motive was to gain time to get away. After concealing the corpse Maxwell opened the trunk again and shaved off Preller's mustache, to conceal the identity. He also made a superficial cut in the skin of the breast. This admission fell upon the audience with a sudden shock. The idea of mutilation repelled more than the actual story of death. The prisoner said he could not give any reason for this act.

The close of Maxwell's direct testimony made him out an arch hypocrite. "The only person I could call a friend," he said, "was my poor friend Preller." He claimed that when he administered the chloroform he had at no time any intention of killing or injuring Preller.

The prisoner's story was interesting in the extreme. It had never before been fully told. Yet, somehow, it was weak. It was told in a manner so cold-blooded and devoid of real feeling as would be the recital of a most ordinary event in a man's career. There was one or two scenes in it intended to be dramatic, but they failed in their effect. The defendant could not raise a tear in his cold eyes any more than he could create any genuine feeling in his favor. He testified to but one new thing, and that was to the proceedings in room 144 and the fact that he took his friend's money. The manner of telling these facts was cold and deliberate, and there was not a word that came from the lips of the prisoner in his own behalf which touched a chord in a single heart in all the concourse of people ready to give him sympathy and see that he had fair play. A man who could such a tale unfold so unsympathetically was, in his appearance, a justification of the extreme penalty.

Thus the sentence was death. The aged father of the doomed man was with him shortly afterward. He had sacrificed everything to save his son from an ignominious end. Every technicality was resorted to. First the case went to the Supreme Court of the State, which confirmed the sentence of the lower court and fixed the date of execution at Aug. 26, 1888. But the defense obtained a writ of error from Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, which acted as a stay of execution until the case could be finally heard and decided. In the stately course of Supreme Court affairs this decision did not come for nearly two years.

When it did come it was to the effect that the highest tribunal of the land had no reason to interfere, and the case went back to the Supreme Court of Missouri, which fixed the date of execution at July 13. In spite of the utmost pressure brought to bear on him, Gov. Morehouse would not be prevailed upon to grant the doomed man a further respite.

### A YOUNG GIRL'S DESPERATE ACT.

#### [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mary Naughton, a pretty girl of nineteen, with handsome brown hair and bright, sparkling eyes, pleaded tearfully in Kit Gray's house of ill-fame on Brush street, Detroit, Mich., Friday night for the truant officer not to molest her.

"Haven't you been warned often enough that you must keep out of such houses as this?" replied the policeman.

"Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I was dead!" cried the unfortunate girl. "Why was I ever born? Don't take me away," and the girl, uttering a short convulsive cry, threw herself upon the floor and covered her face with her hands.

Finally she dried her tears and replied: "I will never go to the station alive. Sooner than go through again what I went through before I will kill myself."

The girl was allowed to leave the room to dress herself. Scarcely had she done so when she flung herself from a second story window upon the stone walk in front of the house, where she was unable to move, and suffered excruciating agony. She was subsequently removed to a hospital, where she lies in a critical condition.

### FOND OF STRONG JOKES.

#### [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few nights since a couple of rollicking brokers in Chicago, Ill., went to call on a convivial friend. Wine flowed freely, and both host and guests got pretty full. They ended up their little racket in the wee small hours by engaging an undertaker to take them home in a hearse.



"THE SHERIFF ENTERED THE CELL AND SEARCHED HIS CLOTHING."



"THE MURDERER'S LAST HOURS."



"ON THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS."

26. 1888. He said: "My full name is Hugh Mottram Brooks. I am 25 years old, and was born in Hyde, Cheshire, England. My parents are living. I left school in 1873 and began the study of law, but prior to that I entered the law office of Mr. Brown, at Stockport, about four and a half miles from Hyde. I remained there about, or rather over, four years. After

At this juncture a lengthy discussion occurred regarding a magic lantern and slides which Maxwell was

### THE HANDSOMEST IN THE MARKET.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14.

# WHAT A STORY!

How William Taylor, of Harrisburg, Pa., Eloped with His Sister.

## CHEATED HIS SWEETHEART.

He Took Away Dr. Meyers' Wife and Lived With Her.

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

**W**ILLIAM TAYLOR, of Harrisburg, Pa., a rather prepossessing young man, with a glib tongue, will have to answer at court the charge of obtaining \$500 from Lizzie Lehrer, his sweetheart, who lives at 516 Walnut street, that city. Some time ago an article was published which detailed the disappearance of the wife of Dr. Solomon Meyers, of Mechanicsburg, with her brother, who is the young fellow mentioned above. For some time before their departure ugly rumors were rife, connecting the names of the brother and sister together in a disgusting manner, and subsequent events seem to lend support to the reports that the two were and have been criminally intimate.

After the disappearance of the runaways, who left on the 10th of last April, it was learned that Taylor had fleeced \$500 from Miss Lehrer, whose lover he was. The girl, who is intelligent and honorable, returned his seeming affection; and when he asked her for the little money she had saved up, she gave it to him willingly, believing him implicitly. Taylor, whose parents reside at Dillsburg, York county, worked in this city at painting, and boarded with Miss Lehrer's friends. After the brother and sister had disappeared, Dr. Meyers made special effort to discover the whereabouts of his wife; and Miss Lehrer placed the case in the hands of Detective Samuel J. Anderson, who, after some fine work, discovered Taylor and his sister living together in Princeton, N. J., as man and wife, under the assumed name of Tracey. When he found them, Taylor bemoaned his fate, and declared that he had taken his sister away because she could not live with her husband, and because she was soon to become a mother. As for the sister, she threw herself into her brother's arms and sobbed hysterically. Taylor was brought here and lodged in jail.

Following is a copy of the warrant issued by Alderman Jackson for Taylor's arrest:

On oath of Lizzie Lehrer charging the defendant as follows: That William H. Taylor, in the county of Dauphin, State of Pennsylvania, did obtain from the affiant, on several occasions during the fall of 1887 and the spring of 1888, a sum of money aggregating \$500 by false pretenses as herein set forth; that the said William H. Taylor falsely represented to the affiant that he was the owner of valuable real estate worth from \$2,000 to \$3,000. That the said real estate was situated in the town of Dillsburg, York county, and that his title was absolute, except a debt against the said property of \$60; that the said William H. Taylor further represented that he intended to have his real estate sold April 1, 1888, by his lawyers, and thereupon immediately repay said money. The affiant further deposes that by reason of said representations she gave the said William H. Taylor credit and advanced the said money on the credit of the said representations. Affiant further represents that on April 10, 1888, the said William H. Taylor disappeared from his home, taking several trunks, and has not been heard from since, he being accused by his brother-in-law, Dr. Solomon B. Meyers, of Mechanicsburg, of having eloped with his sister. Affiant further represents that she has discovered that the said William H. Taylor owned no real estate in Dillsburg as represented to her, all of which discovery affiant has made since the disappearance of the said William H. Taylor.

In her affidavit Miss Lehrer says that \$400 of the \$500 was in bank and had come to her as proceeds from the sale of the house of her deceased mother. The balance she had earned by being hired as a cook at the residence of Mrs. Houser, 216 Chestnut street, and Mrs. Hartz's, 616 Walnut street. The defendant made his misrepresentations at the house of Mrs. Hartz, where he was a boarder, in the fall of 1887. A curious feature of the case is developed by the letter printed below. Taylor had written a number of missives from Dillsburg and Mechanicsburg to Miss Lehrer, all of which were in his own hand but one. He was then trying, as he said, to read medicine, and he had got so far as to sign himself "Dr." In these letters he frequently declared his love for Miss Lehrer. The subjoined one, however, is in a woman's handwriting, supposed to be that of his sister. Should that be true, it shows that the two were "working" their game together. The letter is as follows:

DILLSBURG, York County, Pa., April 5th.

MY DEAR FRIEND LIZZIE: I have just received your two letters. Also your pleasant and Easter card. You don't know how much I appreciate them. They seem to take a load off my mind. I will keep them and surprise you with them many years after this, after you have long forgotten them. Indeed I was not in the least offended by your delay in writing to me. I am very sorry I could not get a better Easter card for you.

### DON'T WANT TO BE WITHOUT IT.

You can send me the POLICE GAZETTE for another three months, as I think it the best paper in America and would not like to be without it.—M. L. GIBBS, White Marsh, Va.

but this is a small town and they don't have many of such things so I done the best I could. It seems to me that the cards I sent to you is hardly worth keeping in remembrance of me, when you sent me such a nice one. Tell Sallie I also appreciate her Easter card and am sorry I could not get one suitable for to send her. Give her my best wishes. I am studying pretty hard

I told him that he was trying to make a disturbance between me and my wife, which he denied, he closing our talk with the remark that "if it wasn't for my sister I would blow your brains out and then my own. That's what I care for life." He then left and in two weeks returned and remained a day or two and then left for good. My wife left on the same day, she coming to



SHE GAVE HIM HER MONEY.

that is true, but I don't think that there is any danger of me getting sick. I wish to you could help me to study but the knowledge you could get out of my books would not benefit me any. I must have it all learned by heart myself. I am sorry you could not send me ten dollars. I don't like to ask my father for it, no matter how bad I need it. He is going to make me a present of a horse and doctor's phaeton. I will have plenty of money after my lawyer [lawyer] sells my property but that will do me no good now when need it the most. I am longing [longing] very much for the time to come when I can clasp you to my breast as my wife, and I am working very hard to get through college as soon

Harrisburg and meeting her brother, the defendant, when they took a train together for the west. I have not heard from my wife since she eloped with her brother. On the day she went away she took her clothing and our silverware. I was absent from home the day she left.

The defendant I have known since he was a boy. He was never possessed of real estate in Dillsburg or elsewhere. \* \* \* The representation that Taylor made to Lizzie Lehrer that the watch he had was a present from the defendant's father in gratitude for having paid off the mortgage with her money was false. I was present when he bought the watch, and it was bought



TAYLOR AND SISTER LIVING TOGETHER AS MAN AND WIFE.

as possible. I am going over to Mechanicsburg to-morrow morning to recite [recite] my lesson to the doctor. It is next to the last lesson I will have to recite to him, so you can write me a letter when I am in Mechanicsburg. Don't delay it longer than Friday or Saturday for I love to read your letters. They seem to give me more courage to work on. Thanking you for your kind and welcome letters and loving you as ever I will close hoping to hear from you on Friday evening. Your affectionate friend and lover,

DR. WM. H. TAYLOR,  
Mechanicsburg.

Dr. Meyers made an interesting affidavit before Al-

with money he got from Lizzie Lehrer and was bought by Taylor himself."

Taylor was seen in his cell in jail by a *Telegram* representative. He was very much worried and seemed to feel his position keenly. He said he didn't know much about the matter. He had written to Miss Lehrer that he had property when he hadn't in order, as he said, "to let her down easy."

"About the report that I slept in the same room with my sister, when we were at Princeton—that was true, but only so far as that I slept in her room at night when she was sick to attend her."

Taylor said he didn't know whether he could get bail



"I DISCOVERED MY WIFE AND DEFENDANT (ACCIDENTALLY ALWAYS) IN WHISPERED CONVERSATION."

derman Jackson, in which he says: That the last three or four months prior to the departure of Taylor, he was an inmate in his (the doctor's) house. "On a number of occasions," continued the physician, "during this period, I discovered my wife and defendant (accidentally always) in whispered conversations. My suspicions that the defendant was making misrepresentations to my wife were aroused, and I took him to task.

or not if he were held for court after his hearing. He didn't believe his father would bail him; and he couldn't think of any one else who would do it for him.

### ONLY 25 CENTS FOR THE PAIR.

Don't fail to send for the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman or Harrison and Morton. Only 25 cents for the pair.

### A. L. DRUMMOND.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The subject of our sketch, who was for more than seventeen years a member of the Secret Service Division of the U. S. Treasury, and for nearly nine years past at its head in New York City, retired therefrom at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1888, to engage in business on his own account, and hence has founded what promises to be the only rival the Pinkertons have ever had in this country. In the service of the government Mr. Drummond was regarded as one of the shrewdest, bravest and most faithful officers. Mr. Drummond was born in Fulton Township, Lancaster county, Pa., about forty-three years ago. He entered the Secret Service of the United States Treasury Department in 1871. He was first connected with the New York District, but during some four years was an operative "at large," going to Canada, Texas or Colorado, and, in fact, wherever his services were required. He was sent to Grant Parish, La., during the political troubles to investigate what was known as the Colfax Court House massacre. In November, 1875, he was made chief operative of the Philadelphia District, where he remained four years, during which time he "run to earth" many daring and skillful counterfeiters and in general made life miserable for all evildoers, as his labors were not confined to counterfeiters alone, for he was never so happy as when aiding his friend, the late Chief of Police Jones of Philadelphia, in capturing some notorious violators of the law. In 1879 he was made chief operative of the New York District and transferred to New York City, where he continued his good work in the interests of the public until early in the year 1888, during which time he brought to the bar of justice some of the most talented counterfeiters and forgers the world has ever known. In his retirement from the United States Secret Service, the government loses one of its most valuable officers, but the public will now be enabled to avail itself in a private capacity of his long years of experience, he having opened an office in Room 138, No. 280 Broadway, this city, where he is prepared to investigate almost every class of crime, and intends to conduct his business in the same honorable way that has characterized his long years of employment under the government. He is a young man yet, comparatively speaking, and we predict for him a long and useful life, one, we trust, that will be most satisfactory to him in a pecuniary point of view.

### A LOVER'S TRAGEDY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A terrible tragedy was enacted in room 6 of the Metropolitan Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., a few days ago. The room was occupied by May Patton and Charles DeKnight, both of Johnstown, Pa. The woman fired two shots into DeKnight's brain and then in turn shot herself in the head, dying almost instantly. There was a scuffle inside the room prior to the shooting, as the wash pitcher had been overturned and the room was in a general state of disarray. From the stories of the maid servants and others in the hotel, the conclusion more quickly to be drawn is that the woman loved DeKnight and he did not reciprocate her affection. It seems that the man wanted to leave the room without the woman, and she wished to prevent him. This is shown by the fact of the key being out of the door and hid under the edge of the carpet where it was found. DeKnight was dressed and had his hat on, one of the bullets going through the crown. The woman was *en dishabille* and had evidently just arisen from bed when she did the shooting.

### HIS MISTRESS' LAST CARESS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A scene of an exceedingly passionate, not to say touching, character, was witnessed a few days ago in Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, O. The remains of the murderer, "Blinky" Morgan, who was executed in the Penitentiary at that place, were about to be interred. Scarcely had the undertaker removed the lid exposing the features of the dead criminal, when Nell Lowery, Blinky's late mistress, threw herself on the coffin, sobbed hysterically and cried: "My poor Charlie. They have murdered your soul. Oh, how could they do it!" She kissed the lips of the dead man passionately, and stroked and smoothed his hair and brow, and finally, with her lady companion, knelt in prayer.

### HIS NEGLECT WAS FATAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Edward Bros, a lineman in the employ of the Scranton Electric Heat and Power Company, at Scranton, Pa., was accidentally killed on the 3d inst. while in the act of adjusting a burner to one of the tall poles upon which the street lights of the city are hung. Bros usually strapped himself to the pole when engaged in fixing the carbons, but he neglected to take this precaution on this occasion, and when he felt the shock he fell from his elevated position, a distance of forty feet, and his neck was broken by the fall.

### A VERY LUCKY MAN.

Jacob Pohley Wins \$30,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

"Is this Mr. Pohley?"

"I think I am Mr. Pohley. There isn't really any doubt of it in my mind, but until a week ago I was plain Jacob Pohley, and the change to 'Mister' is a trifling sudden. Everybody who has read of my good fortune calls me 'Mister.' I suppose you are a reporter?"

"Yes. Tell me of your good luck."

"Well, I bought a couple of coupons for The Louisiana State Lottery from a man on the street and they were loaded—loaded right to the muzzle."

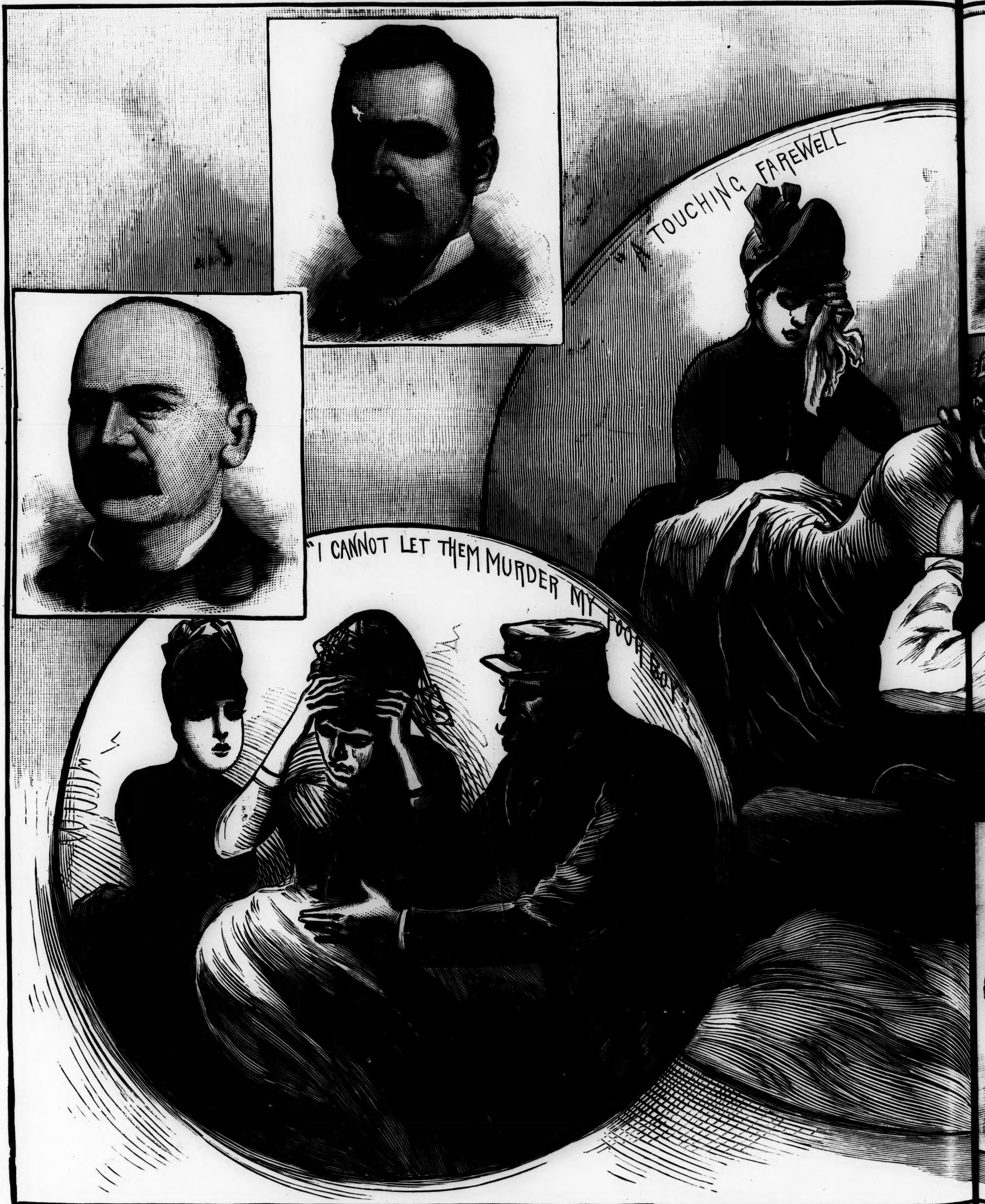
"How much did you catch?"

"Just \$30,000!" And Mr. Pohley toyed carelessly with his watch chain, giving the reporter a chance to recover his breath. "That was all—just \$30,000." He emphasized the "just" and repeated the figures with great satisfaction.

"Have you received your \$30,000?"

"Yes, indeed; and it isn't going to get very far away from me. I'm going to put it into real estate. Very likely I will continue my present business of cigar solicitor. I'll give my four children a good education, and my wife, who is very much excited and greatly pleased over my good fortune, will have a much better time now. I have been buying tickets for some time in the Louisiana State Lottery, and 'caught on' once before, but not to the extent of just \$30,000."

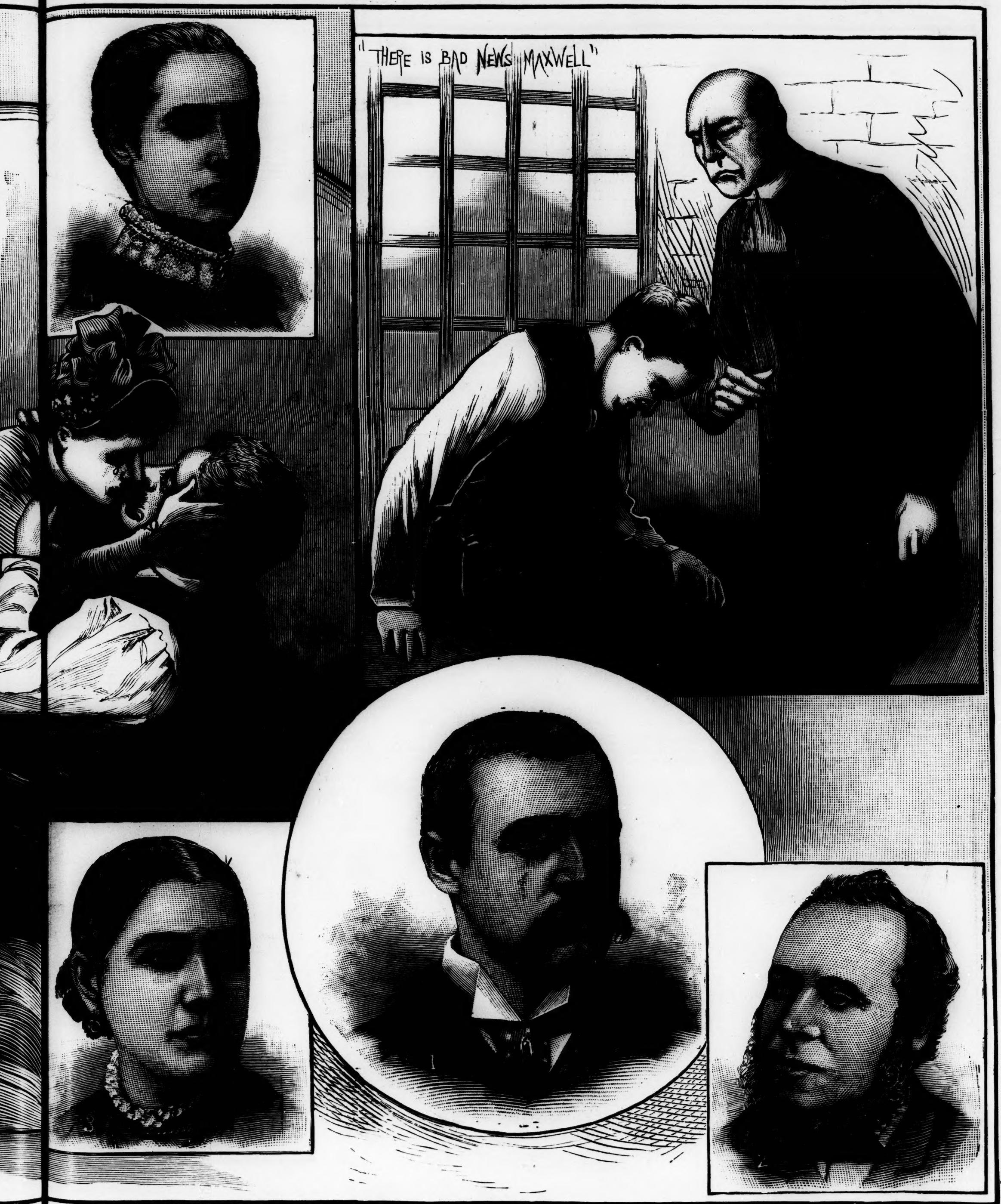
Mr. Pohley has a very pleasant home on San Pablo avenue, Berkeley, and his neighbors rejoice in his good luck.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle*, July 28.



THE GALLOWS GETS

EXECUTION OF HUGH M. BROOKS, ALIAS MAXWELL, THE NOTORIOUS PRINCIPAL IN

I.—Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, the Murderer. II.—Samuel N. Brooks, the Father. III.—M.



GETS ANOTHER VICTIM.

AL II THE ST. LOUIS TRUNK MURDER CASE--THE LAST FAREWELL AND OTHER SCENES.

III.—M. Samuel N. Brooks. IV.—Miss Annie Brooks. V.—C. Arthur Preller. VI.—Governor Morehouse.

## PUGILISTIC.

**Jack McAuliffe Issues a Document of Interest to Billy Dacey and Johnny Reagan.**

## THAT CONLEY-KILLEEN MATCH AGAIN.

**Mike Cushing will be tendered a benefit at Band Hall, Oceanport, N. J., on Aug. 16. He will box 4 rounds each with Billy Dacey and Jack McAuliffe.**

**The Omaha "Herald," of July 30, says:** "Sullivan's glory has wholly departed. If the once great pugilist knows which side of his bread is oesomarginated he will slink out of sight and stay there."

**On Aug. 8 Jack Boyle, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Dan Gill, of Brooklyn, fought eighteen rounds to a finish on the outskirts of Brooklyn. Both men were in good condition, weighing 128 pounds. The fight was for a stake of \$200 and an addition purse of \$100. Gill won on a foul in the last round after he had nearly lost the battle. Time, one hour and ten minutes.**

**Af Greenfield, the retired champion, who is mine host of the Swan with Two Necks, Livery street, Birmingham, has just had his house thoroughly redecorated, and has effected some important and desirable alterations. Several valuable pictures have been placed in his handsome and commodious sparing saloon, and every Monday and Saturday evening Greenfield spars with Prof. Kelly.**

**"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," and so when black meets black the fighting is bloody, bold and resolute. This will, no doubt, be the case when Peter Jackson, the color-d champion of Australia, and George Godfrey, the colored champion of America, meet. These rival champions of two hemispheres meet shortly with two-ounce gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$1,500, of which \$1,200 is to go to the winner and \$300 to the loser. Godfrey is to receive \$400 as expenses, for going to San Francisco, where the fight will be brought off under the auspices of the California Athletic Club.**

**Jack McAuliffe, the champion light-weight pugilist, says the New York *World*, is again going to enter the prize ring. According to the *World*, McAuliffe said: "I will leave \$500 with the POLICE GAZETTE for a match with either Johnny Reagan or Billy Dacey—first come first served. I think I can do either one of them, and I would especially prefer Reagan, but I think he is a pretty good judge of a bargain, and he doesn't seem to hanker after a go with me. However, if I am so insignificant as he would have people believe, now is a chance for him to capture some good money. We will see whether or not he will make the effort."**

**The "Evening World," Aug. 7, says:** "Jake Kilrain, the champion, will arrive in New York Aug. 25 on the Cunard steamer *Etruria*. On the arrival of the champion he will not hesitate to arrange a match with Sullivan, providing the latter has posted a forfeit of \$1,000 with the *Clipper*, and issues a bona fide challenge to fight for the specified amount of stakes, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and the championship of the world. Kilrain's backer will not be frightened by Sullivan proposing to fight for large stakes, and when it comes down to genuine match-making, Kilrain will hold a straight flush, consisting of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, the championship, etc.

**The N. Y. "Sun" says:** "Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell will be here by the last of the month, and then look on for lively times among the big guns of pugilism. I think that by Christmas Kilrain and Kilian and Dempsey and Mitchell will be matched, though many doubt that Charley will ever consent to go with the Nonpareil. A sporting man told me the other day that shortly before Mitchell sailed for England the last time he said: 'I don't see why Dempsey is so anxious to have a go with me. Why don't he stick to his own class, the middle-weights? My ambition is to fight the big fellow, Sullivan, and I think I can whip him. I confess, though, that I would sooner tackle Sullivan twice than Dempsey once.' This is of the character of news denominated 'very important, if true.'

**Frank Hayes, of Duluth, Minn., writes that John P. Clow, who recently fought Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and was defeated, was not in good shape at the time, but he expects to be prepared to meet Conley again in a short time, when he (Hayes) will be ready to back him against Conley for as much money as the latter's backer is willing to risk on the Ithaca Giant. Hayes continues: "I will turn my attention to C. W. Ryer, Pat Killen's friend, who says in his communication to the POLICE GAZETTE, that no one would compare Pat Killen with Clow or Denny Kilian. I don't know whether Ryer is casting a slur at Clow or not, but I will say this, and prove it by Gooding, now manager of the Minneapolis baseball club, that Killen said once he did not want to fight Clow, and at another time Gooding telegraphed to Clow in Duluth asking him if he would fight Killen for \$1,000 a side, as Killen said he would fight Clow for that amount. Clow telegraphed back, 'Yes, make a match, and I will put up half the money,' but Killen did not make a match. It is all right to say now, since Clow is not able to fight a baby, that Killen could stop any one in a punch whom Conley ever fought, but wait till Clow is Clow again, and then see if those who are throwing slurs do not hurt their noses."**

**Jack McAuliffe has issued the following challenge:** To all whom it may concern: After the numerous challenges directed to me by Billy Dacey, I have decided to see if he really means business, and have posted a \$250 forfeit to take up that oft-repeated challenge of Dacey's to fight in my own class for the light-weight championship of America, which he (Dacey) claims he holds. I will fight him to a finish, skin gloves, Queensberry rules, time to be set hereafter, for \$1,000 a side and \$1,000 purse. I have the purse secured now, and there is every inducement for him to make the match. I will meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, Aug. 11, to make arrangements; if he means business, as I do, there will be no trouble in arranging the match.

**Now, for Johnny Reagan, the man who claims that Jack Dempsey would not have defeated him at their last meeting but for his wrestling, and who says he can whip Dempsey, Queensberry rules. Here is a chance for him to spread himself by accepting a challenge which I make to him to box four to ten rounds, Queensberry rules (his strong hold), in public, and I will beat him \$1,000 and all the receipts of the house that he won't defeat me. In order to give him a chance to show his skill, I will agree to box him at catch weights, which will be from 15 to 20 pounds in his favor.**

I have deposited \$250 as forfeit, and will meet Reagan on Friday, Aug. 10, at the POLICE GAZETTE office between 9 and 11 A. M. to draw up articles.

Now, Johnny, don't say I'm bluffing, for my money shows that there is no question about my eagerness to meet you.

JACK McAULIFFE.

P. S.—If neither Reagan or Dacey cover my money, Mike Daly of Boston has the privilege of doing so. Should he refuse, then the challenge is open to any man in America. J. MCA.

**Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, has been challenged by Frank Murphy, the English champion feather weight, and the latter writes as follows: "While in training for my match with Jack Havlin, the 'Spider' professed a desire to meet me in a ring encounter for \$2,000 a side, and signed an agreement to that effect in your office, consenting to meet several days later for the signing of articles and posting a substantial sum of money for a forfeit. In company with my backers we were on hand, ready to deposit money, but the 'Spider,' upon some trivial excuse, asked for another chance to sign the agreement. Articles according to his liking were lodged by my backer at the *Herald* office, but the 'Spider' failed to display an inclination to consent to a fight. I was more or less harassed by him at a**

time when I should have had a free and easy mind. He now renewes his series of attacks and pretends to be in search of a fight. I wish to state that I am in the same mood and beg to place before him and the public the following proposition: I will fight Ike Weir, the 'Spider,' with skin gloves to a finish, in a 24-foot ring, under the new rules of the London prize ring, ten weeks from date, within 500 miles of Providence, for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, each man to be restricted to 118 pounds weight in costume, ten hours before entering ring, or at that weight stripped on entering the ring, only eight or ten men a side to be privileged to attend the match, the gentlemen who officiated as referee and stakeholder respectively in my late battle to do similar duties in the proposed fight. The stakeholder to select the battle ground and conduct the privileged parties there.

We have received the following from L. B. Little, sporting editor of the *Tribune*, Minneapolis, in regard to the proposed match between Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Pat Killen, the Duluth Slasher, which puts the boot on the right foot:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 14, 1888.

**SPORTING EDITOR—Sir:** Will you allow me to say a word in your paper on the recent negotiations for a fight between Killen and Conley. Mr. Conley's backer deposited \$500 with me, as city editor of the St. Paul *Globe*, as a guarantee that he would sign articles for a final fight with Killen. At that time Killen had a deposit of \$500 with Yank Adams, of Chicago, and consented to place that in my hands to cover Conley's deposit. No papers of any kind were signed. A verbal agreement was made between Killen and J. D. Hayes, who backed Conley, that Mr. Spencer, Killen's partner and backer, would go to Ashland and make the match "as soon as convenient." Mr. Spencer was at that time away from St. Paul. A few days after that Killen made a match with Cardiff for 10 rounds. About two weeks later Mr. Hayes wrote me for his money. He used some abusive language toward Killen, and said as the latter had made a match with Cardiff, he wanted the stakes pulled down. Killen told me not to let him have it, as Spencer would soon go to Ashland to make the match. Mr. Hayes again wrote me for the money, saying he wanted it to make a match with McAuliffe, but it was not returned. I thought Killen was acting in good faith. After his fight with Cardiff, Killen said he would be satisfied to leave the deposit up until it was cooler weather and make the fight in the fall. It was too hot to fight in the summer. That seemed to be hardly within the terms of the understanding, and I returned the money to Mr. Hayes, according to his request, and gave Killen back his check. My object in sending you this is to give your readers the cold facts in a case which has been discussed somewhat in your columns. Yours truly,

L. B. LITTLE.

**The Boscommon "Messenger," July 21, publishes** the following in regard to Kilrain's visit to Ireland: "Kilrain, the great American champion pugilist, arrived here on Monday evening last and put up at Mr. Michael Geoghegan's hotel. The object of his visit to Athlone being for the purpose of visiting his mother's birthplace at Keelty (parish of Drum), was like his identity, very soon known, the news spreading far and near like wildfire. Mr. Kilrain rose at an early hour on Tuesday morning, and having had a plunge in the Shannon before breakfast, drove to the place of his mother's nativity on an 'outside.' He evinced the most anxious desire to see and hear everything connected with his mother's early youth, but even after the comparatively short period of forty years (which time his mother has left the country), only a solitary companion of hers remains in the village, and but very few people who even remember the maiden who was destined to be the parent of the now world-famed champion of the fistic art. Kilrain's visit was being essentially of a private nature he refused point blank to discuss topics of ring, or as he himself put it, 'talk on business.' On every other subject he entered with a pleasant readiness, but at the same time assured his more pressing and inquisitive friends that he hoped and intended never to quit the ring a beaten man. He attended devotions at St. Mary's chapel on Tuesday evening, and after leaving the church he was accorded an unexpected though very enthusiastic ovation. At least a thousand people crowded around him, cheering and struggling to get a good look at him and to shake his hand. He was at last forced to take shelter in an adjacent house till the excitement subsided somewhat, but on again making his appearance the demonstration was renewed till he reached his hotel. No prince could be more charitable and generous than Kilrain. In his mother's parish he dispensed cash with a free hand amongst the poor people, and in town he filled the pockets with pennies of nearly all the youngsters who crowded after him in the streets. He left here by the mail train on Tuesday night en route for Tuam races, from whence he will proceed to Limerick, thence to Killarney, Cork, and back to London. The extent of the champion's desire to see his mother's birthplace can be measured by the fact that he forfeited a hundred pound engagement in Liverpool this week to come over here. In appearance and manner Kilrain is a gentleman and most unlike a pugilist, in company he is, though very temperate, extremely sociable, remarkably intelligent, witty, and good humored."

**On August 6, the following Associated Press dispatch was published:**

BOSTON, Aug. 6.—John L. Sullivan says he will arrange a match with Jake Kilrain to fight for from \$5,000 to \$25,000, the R. K. Fox "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, and that Edward S. Stokes of New York has agreed to match him and furnish \$10,000.

The New York *Daily News* replied to the above as follows: "Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, will arrive in this city about August 25 and his friends say he will not for a moment hesitate to arrange a match with Sullivan.

"Still Sullivan will not be frightened off by Sullivan stating that he will batle for \$10,000 or \$25,000, for the champion has friends who will not be bluffed by big stakes."

"Sullivan and Ed Stokes intend to prove to the public that they were in earnest," said one of Kilrain's friends to-day, "it would look more business-like for them to have posted \$1,000 with the New York *Clipper* and issued a challenge in a business-like way. Still Kilrain will not be frightened off by Sullivan stating that he will batle for \$10,000 or \$25,000, for the champion has friends who will not be bluffed by big stakes."

"Sullivan has only been backed twice—in fact, he has only fought two regular prize fights, in which he was backed. The first was with Paddy Ryan, for \$2,500 a side, and the other with Mitchell for the same amount. In the Ryan match Sullivan had all he could do to raise the \$2,500, and had not James Keenan put up the final deposit Sullivan would have forfeited. In his matches with Mitchell several persons put up the stakes."

"Well! Just think of it! John L. Sullivan could not raise \$500 at an exhibition in the Academy of Music, and now boasts he can be backed against Kilrain, the champion, or Charley Mitchell, who made such a toy of him at Chantilly, France, last March, for \$10,000 or \$25,000. Ed Stokes, of the Hoffman House, we hear, will put up \$10,000 of the stakes. Sullivan may find sporting men foolish enough to back him to the tune of \$2,500 against Charley Mitchell, but there is no sane man, unless he has more money than brains, that would risk \$5,000, let alone \$10,000, in a match in which Kilrain, the champion of the world, was to be Sullivan's opponent.

Sullivan, during his nine years' experience in the prize ring, has only been matched twice—with Paddy Ryan for \$2,500, and once with Charley Mitchell for \$2,500 a side.

In the first match, it was all that John L. could do to raise the money, and only for the fact that James Keenan, of Boston, put up the final deposit, Sullivan would have had to pay a forfeit. At the time Sullivan was matched against Mitchell the stakes were put up by different parties, and there was no one on Sullivan's side eager to put up \$5,000 or \$10,000 in his chances of vanquishing the little Englishman. Mitchell made the Boston boy ridiculous. He proved that he was the alleged champion's superior and that John L. was only a third-rate. In the face of these facts, the idea of Sullivan being able to raise \$2,500 to fight Kilrain for the championship looks like mere nonsense.

Possibly, as he claims, Ed Stokes might put up \$10,000 on him in a match with Kilrain, but that remains to be proven when the money is actually staked. If Sullivan, at this stage of his downward career, can be backed for \$10,000, then we are agreeably surprised. At the same time we rejoice to think that Kilrain will have an opportunity to demonstrate his fistic ability and win a big amount of money.

BEST PAPER EVER PUBLISHED.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: Please continue to send me the POLICE GAZETTE thirteen weeks more, for which you will find enclosed one dollar. I think it is the best paper ever published.

CHARLIE ERICKSON.

## SPORTING.

**The Single-Scull Regatta for the "Police Gazette" Inter-State Rowing Trophy.**

## LARRY DONOVAN'S FATAL LEAP.

The second single-scull race for the "Police Gazette" Inter-State rowing trophy, an illustration of which appeared in a recent issue, was rowed on Oneida Lake, N. Y., on August 6. The contestants were John Teemer, champion oarsman of America, holder of the "Police Gazette" rowing cup and also the Inter-State trophy; Albert Hamm, of Halifax, and George Hosmer, of Boston. The distance was 3 miles, with a turn. Teemer won in 19 minutes 36 seconds. Hosmer was second, four lengths behind, and Hamm last, two-thirds of a length behind Hosmer. Excursion trains from all directions brought crowds of people from points within a radius of 100 miles to witness the contest. Teemer drew the position nearest shore, Hosmer next, and Hamm furthest out. The course was a mile and a half along the north side of the lake, from a point opposite Sylvan Beach, and turn. Hamm took the water first and shot away, but was quickly overtaken by Teemer, who, however, was soon caught up with by both his competitors. Teemer then spurred and pulled a lead of five lengths over Hamm, who was two lengths in front of Hosmer. The turn was reached in 9 minutes 10 seconds by Teemer. Hamm was then one length behind, and Hosmer a length and a half further back. The real struggle began on the homestretch. Teemer now showed the spectators what he could do in the way of wielding his oar, and before half the course had been retraced he was fully fifteen lengths ahead. This confined the interest to the struggle for second place. Hosmer and Hamm repeatedly passed one another, there being a regular see-saw to the finish. Teemer crossed the line in 19 minutes 36 seconds, amid the shrieking of whistles and the cheers of the throng of spectators. Hosmer beat Hamm out for the place. Teemer takes the purse of \$400, and Hosmer the second prize.

The single-scull regatta for the "Police Gazette" Inter-State championship rowing trophy and \$1,000 in money prizes, was rowed at Round Bay, Md., on Aug. 10. Over 8,000 spectators were present. The contestants were John Teemer, McKeeport, Pa.; John McKay, Portland, Me.; George Hosmer, Boston, Mass.; Albert Hamm, of Halifax, and Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis. Teemer had won the trophy on Onondaga Lake and at Oneida Lake, and Gaudaur, McKay and Hosmer were eager to try and win the trophy, knowing that if Teemer again captured it would be his own personal property, as specified by Richard K. Fox, the donor. The distance was three miles, one mile and a half and return. Captain Allan Smith, U. S. N. of Annapolis, was the referee. The water was rather lumpy. The word "Go" was given at 4:21 P. M. Teemer was first, but Gaudaur almost immediately took the lead, rowing 34 strokes a minute. Hamm second. McKay third. Teemer having fallen back to fourth and Hosmer last. These positions were maintained until within three-eighths of a mile of the turning stake boat, when a schooner, which was crossing the bay, got in the course and played havoc with the oarsmen. Hamm and Gaudaur, by steering to her stern, cleared her, the others crossed her bow and were thrown out of the course. After this Teemer, Hosmer and Hamm spurred. Hamm and Hosmer got into close quarters, their oars clashed, and Hosmer's right oar was knocked out of his hand. Gaudaur and McKay were overtaken and passed near the stake boat, and the turn was made in this order: Teemer, Hosmer, Gaudaur, McKay, Hamm. The latter, who was sick, then dropped out of the race. Teemer pulled a strong, steady oar, and won by about a length and a half in front of Gaudaur. Teemer's time was 20 minutes 55 seconds. Hosmer came in fifteen lengths behind Gaudaur, with McKay two lengths in his wake. Teemer says he can beat the record on this water for money. Teemer won the "Police Gazette" Inter-State trophy and \$500, Gaudaur, \$250, Hosmer, \$150; McKay, \$100.

The "Sporting Life," London, Eng., July 25, published the following: "Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, New York, and his wife were entertained at dinner by PONY Moore, at Moore House, Finchley road, St. John's Wood. Among the other guests invited were Messrs. Evans and Hoey, Mr. Johnson, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. J. Donald, manager Toole's Theatre; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mitchell, Messrs. C. Quinn and J. Hurley, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martinetti, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Moore, jun., Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, and many others. The grounds at night were illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and decorated with American and English flags. The toast of the evening, 'Richard K. Fox and his champion, Jake Kilrain,' proposed by PONY Moore, having been received with great enthusiasm, Mr. Fox, in replying, said he was delighted at the warm reception accorded him, and was pleased that Jake Kilrain had made so many friends in England. He felt sure that Kilrain in his next engagement would honorably win the proud title of champion of the world, and that he was now recognized by the majority of American citizens as the champion of America. Mr. Fox said that his purse was always open to promote sport; and though he had spent many thousand pounds in providing the 'sneaks of war' for important matches, &c., for all kinds of sport, he had never taken a single penny from any stake money won by his champions. He was very proud of Kilrain, who had proved himself worthy of the high opinion formed of him anterior to his great battle with Jim Smith, England's champion. Mr. Fox also referred to the faithful attentions of Charley Mitchell to America's champion, and said Kilrain and Mitchell would meet with a great reception on their return to America. Other toasts followed, including 'The host, PONY Moore,' proposed by Mr. Richard K. Fox; 'Charley Mitchell, England's boxing champion,' &c. The vocal and instrumental music, as is always the case at similar entertainments at Moore House, was first-class, and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The jolly party did not break up till four A. M."

Larry M. Donovan, the well-known champion bridge jumper, leaped from the Hungerford suspension bridge, London, England, August 7, and was drowned. The first notification of Donovan's unfortunate death was received at this office by a cable sent by Mr. Geo. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, as follows: "About 3:30 this morning, it being about high water, Police Constable Shaw, 348 E., on duty at Charing Cross end of Hungerford foot bridge, saw several men approach from Charing Cross end. He followed them when they passed, and when near the Lambeth end of the bridge one of the men began to climb the railing. The constable told him to come down, and one of the men replied: 'All right; he isn't going to jump over.' The party then turned back in the direction of Charing Cross. The constable followed and he heard one of the men say it was Larry Donovan. He next heard a splash and at once ran to the Thames Police station at Waterloo bridge for a boat. The men with the jumper went down to the embankment shouting, 'Keep up, Larry! Keep up, Larry!' The police boat was immediately rowed in the direction of the bridge, but nothing could be seen. The police remained rowing about for an hour. Owing to the high tide they were unable to use their drags, and up to this hour the body had not been recovered." Lawrence M. Donovan, who made a number of daring jumps, first leaped into notoriety from the Brooklyn bridge on Aug. 28, 1886. Before that time he was entirely unknown to fame. He was then pressman in this office and a member of Typographical Union No. 6. The distance was about 160 feet, and it was the first successful standing jump that was ever made from the Brooklyn Bridge. Prof. Od

## REFEREE.

Who Says Murphy is the Best Two-Handed Feather-weight They Have Seen?

## WE ARE NOT OF THAT OPINION.

The great battle between Jack Havlin, the holder of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the feather-weight championship of America, and Frank Murphy, the English feather-weight champion, has been the topic of conversation during the past ten days, and the majority of sporting men agree that both men were well worthy to battle for the "Police Gazette" championship emblem.

I think that the battle between Jack Havlin, the American, and Frank Murphy, the English feather-weight champion, was very unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it left the question of the men's superiority as open as ever. Those who say that Murphy is the best two-handed fighter we have seen are I think, carried away by their enthusiasm. It is true that Havlin has improved in cleverness, but one fact must be borne in mind, and that is that Jack Farrell gave him as much facial punishment in six rounds, barring the complete closing of his left eye, as Murphy did in the whole forty-nine of the last contest. He did more than that. He drove Havlin to the ropes whenever he went at him, and he several times floored him with such severity that he nearly knocked him out. He was defeated when he had hardly a mark on him by a flush hit in the wind, which may have been purely accidental blow after all.

I have no desire to take away an iota of the credit that Murphy is entitled to, but I do not think it is just to unduly exalt him at the expense of the reputations of other fighters. He is a great judge of distance and a wonderful general. Havlin is the most scientific and quicksaw of the feather-weights, and it must be borne in mind that until Havlin's left hand became practically useless for hard work, which was after they had fought about half an hour, Jack was fully as good as his master as far as effective hitting was concerned.

Later on Havlin's legs became cramped, and then Murphy's stomach was in trouble, and he was unable to finish. Murphy's physical condition was frightful, and he was really more fit for the ward of a hospital than for an encounter in the ring. Nevertheless, Murphy proved he is one of the gamiest men that ever pulled off a shirt in a ring. I should like to see him in perfect health in a ring with Ike Weir or Johnny Murphy, though, before I admit that he is the best two-handed fighter in the country.

Both men were terribly punished, and Havlin's head was in a horrible condition, while Murphy was battered out of all semblance of humanity. Nine ordinarily nervous men out of ten, so battered and bruised as he was, would have been in mortal dread of speedy death from erysipelas. He didn't seem to mind his injuries a bit, however, and announced that he "would be all right in a day or two." Havlin did not appear to be the least concerned about his punishment, but he was disappointed because he did not win.

Healthy flesh is very speedy in healing; moreover, there is an English sport in this city who has a process of reducing swellings and removing discolorations of the human anatomy that is simply marvelous in its efficacy, and Havlin was on his way to his place. This Englishman makes a livelihood out of this process and is seldom out of a job, for, surrounded as he is by 3,000,000 people, it is not strange that many a blackened eye and bruised body should come to him for renovation.

His method of procedure in a case like Havlin's is substantially as follows: His old mother, who is his assistant, boils a huge pot of medicinal herbs until they are thoroughly soft and tender. The patient is stripped to his drawers and is made to sit on a chair before a bench on which the steaming herbs are piled in a large basin. Double handfuls of the mess as hot as can be bear them are placed on his swollen face and bruises, and are held there to draw out the inflammation.

Fighters who have undergone this ordeal tell me that it is much harder than fighting. As soon as the application begins to lose heat it is withdrawn and more of the hot mixture is put in its place. The head of the patient is held over the basin in order that the steam may cause him to perspire freely. This treatment is kept up for two or three hours, and by that time the bruises have been freed from the great part of their inflammation, and the swellings have gone down wonderfully. Then the patient is tenderly wiped and is put into a nice bed. He is very drowsy, for the poppy plant, I opine, is one of the herbs used, and he soon falls into a deep slumber.

While he sleeps his face, wherever burned, is daubed over with a white plaster, which is removed and renewed from time to time as the experience of the attendant dictates. After a couple of hours of sleep the patient awakes ravenously hungry. He gets a good basin of chicken broth and is allowed to eat the tenderer portions of the fowl.

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"Pendragon" says: "Hanlan and Kemp are matched for another trial on the Parramatta on the 25th of September, for £500 a side. Does this mean that monkeys—financial, not quadrupeds—are cheap in that part of the country just now, or that the loser of such a sum in stake money may clear profit out of steamers, etc., and such equivalents for gate money, or that Hanlan really believes in his ability to beat Kemp? After what our Sydney correspondent assured me—viz., that Kemp could beat Hanlan on his merits, and is a better man than Beach—I am not free to follow my theory, which was that there was a very suspicious flavor indeed about the previous Kemp-Hanlan race, and that its result was not worth serious consideration. Still, it is possible that we may both have been right, though I won't trouble to explain how that may be. However, our readers will recollect that this same valued Sydney correspondent told us that Hanlan would have won the race on the Nepean with Beach if both had been obliged to keep a dead straight point-to-point course. Beach on that occasion was over-trained and dried up, and it is possible that this was so because he did not stand training as he used to—was, in fact, going off."

To which will prove the banner stable of 1888 it is yet too early to determine. At present Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Belmont seem to have the best of it, with the chances in favor of the latter. Mr. Baldwin's has won over \$60,000 thus far, but the downfall of Emperor of Norfolk will leave it shorn of its power. Mr. Belmont has a powerful three-year-old team in Raceland, Prince Royal and George Oyster, while his two-year-olds are a formidable lot, the stable making its boast of having a better one than Lady Margaret.

Mr. Haggins' chance is very slight. His older horses are good, but he has only one good three-year-old (Falcon).

## PORTRAITS OF CANDIDATES.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton. Size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

and his youngsters are moderate. Mr. Cassatt has a good stable of old horses, but his two-year-olds are nothing to boast of, while Mr. Withers, on the other hand, has a rousing lot of juveniles and only a moderate lot of older ones, and Mr. Galway's strength is exclusively in the older class.

The great two-year-old stakes will settle the leadership. Whoever among the great stables wins the Futurity should take the lead, although the Junior Champion, Great Eastern and Titan at Jerome in the autumn will nearly balance it.

Boston sports are all talking about the Havlin-Murphy fight, and nearly all are disgusted at the result. They say that Ed Hoisie, Murphy's backer, and O'Rourke, who backs Havlin, have been talking fight and bragging about their men even since the Peekskill meet, and neither man has offered to put up a cent.

The stallion Turf King, owned by E. V. R. Gardner, killed his groom, Frank Lynch, at Westtown, N. Y., recently. Lynch was leading Turf King out for exercise, when the horse seized him by the arm. Mr. Gardner came to the rescue with a club, but could not compel him to let go. Gardner ran to the house for a revolver, and in the meantime the horse got Lynch down. Gardner killed his stallion, but Lynch was so badly injured that he died in two hours. Turf King was a bay, seven years old, by Volunteer, dam Cresmendale Maid, by Clay Hambletonian.

I see my satirical friend Sampson, in the "Licensed Victuallers' Mirror," says: The meeting of Wellington and Blucher, or any other of the military or naval commanders, ancient or modern, was as nothing compared to the meeting at Moore House, Finchley, on Monday last, of the two greatest showmen on earth, Mr. Pony Moore, of the St. James's Hall Minstrels, and Mr. Fox, of the American "Police Gazette." Jonathan Wild, the great thief taker, is reported to have had such an admiration for Blueskin as to say, "If I were not Jonathan Wild, I would wish to be Blueskin," and we are sure Pony must say, "If I were not Washington Moore, I would wish to be Richard K. Fox."

Now, Richard is himself again. Not satisfied with the gigantic advertisement he obtained over Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain, he still wishes for more, and as a consequence he has offered to provide the money for Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to fight Jem Smith.

As there is only one Jake Kilrain, and Fox is his profit, it would not be politic of the proprietor of the "Police Gazette" to back Conley against a champion of his own creation—that would never do. The match must be an international one, like the last *lanceo*, and the preliminaries arranged at the office of a sporting daily, with the assistance of cases of Bollenger and boxes of larranegas, which with the crowd is all duly to be advertised—well, if not for the good of sport, for the good at least of the respective papers.

M. Journe, the famous French wing shot, is creating quite a sensation in England by his wonderful marksmanship. Recently Journe went from Paris to London to compete against the English and American cracks during what is styled International week. Since then he has remained in England shooting every opportunity that offered and making a remarkable record. His success has been the more notable from the fact that he has not only defeated the best shots of Great Britain, but he had to meet the best shots of other Continental countries than his own, among them being men from Belgium, Hungary and Spain, besides M. Paul Gervais, a well-known crack shot from Paris.

The prizes in the events were worthy of the host, the amount within the possible reach of one gun in any day's events falling but little short of \$400 during the international week. In the handicaps the men were placed according to their records. M. Journe's distance was 31 yards, and no other man, except Mr. E. B. Cunliffe, was placed so far from the traps, except in the contest for the Gun Club International Cup, when 8 out of 33 subscribers were so placed.

On the first day, a cold, windy one, when the birds English blue rocks—flew at the best, the shooters gathered at Hurlingham, where Mr. Journe won the £2 sweepstakes or £100. The next day, Tuesday, at the Gun Club enclosure, he was again a winner. It was in the £3 sweepstakes, 29 yards' rise, for a £25 cup. He killed 12 birds, but Mr. Merwin Watts, having killed as many, the two divided first and second money, amounting to £100 besides the value of the cup.

Wednesday Mr. Journe dropped out early in every contest, but on Thursday he retrieved himself in the international match for £100 a side, with 25 birds to each man at 30 yards. The team of visitors included M. Journe, M. Paul Gervais, M. Abaurre (a Frenchman representing Spain), and Baron Dorlodot (Belgium). The home team included Mr. Merwin Watts, Mr. Greville Ryan, Mr. E. B. Cunliffe, and Mr. Bliss. M. Journe killed 22 out of the 25 birds, while his associates killed 19, 15, and 15 respectively—in all, 72. The home team killed 19, 19, 17, and 16—in all, 71.

On Friday, in a handicap sweepstakes, M. Journe killed 14 birds before missing, but Mr. Fortesque killed 15 and M. Ophoven, of Belgium, 16, and these two got all the money.

Saturday the events included the members' challenge cup, valued at 100 guineas, with £300 for first money; the Gun Club's international cup, valued at £250, the club's gold medal and £100 for first money; a sweepstakes, with a £25 cup and £70 first money, besides two lesser events. M. Journe won the members' challenge cup contest and got third money in the contest for the Gun Club international cup.

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WILLIAM DICKMAN,  
WHO MURDERED HENRY LOZE, A FELLOW WORKMAN, AT CINCINNATI, O., AND IS NOW A FUGITIVE.



MRS. REBECCA SHANLEY,  
OF JERSEY CITY, N. J., WHO IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELOPED  
WITH HARRY C. FULLER.



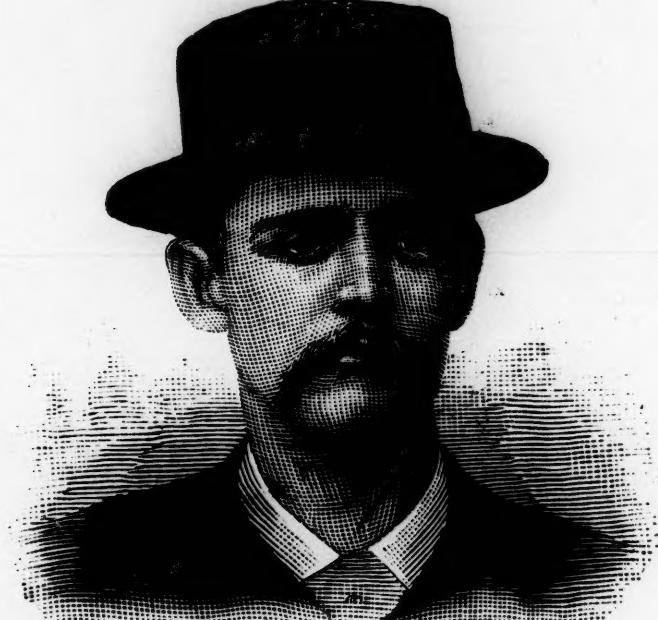
WILLIAM M. MORRISEY,  
A SYRACUSE, N. Y., DUDE AND EMBEZZLER, WHO HAS RECENTLY  
MADE HIMSELF SCARCE.



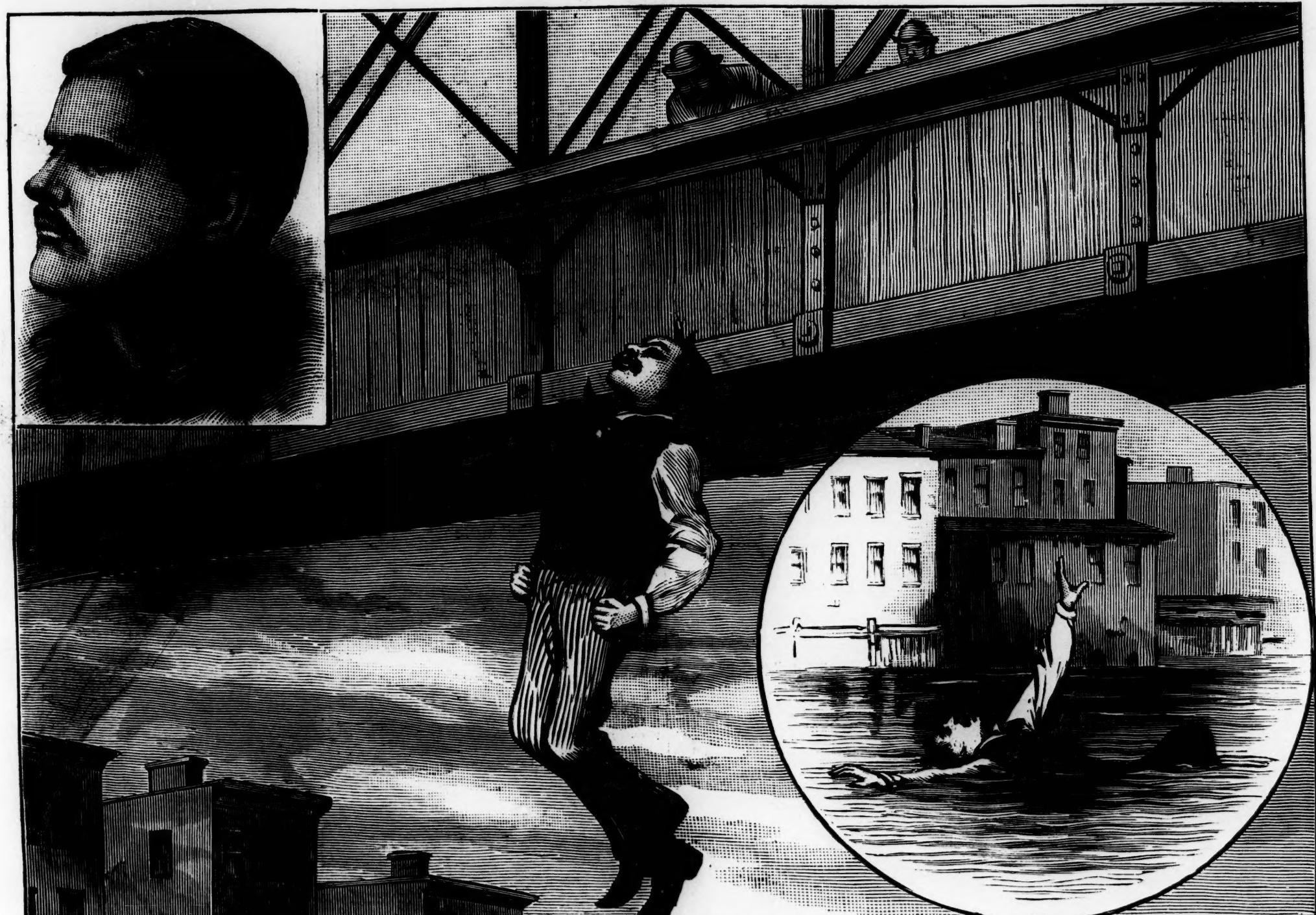
JOSEPH CHEVIAKOWSKI,  
OF WANGER, MINN., WHO KILLED HIS UNCLE TO GET POSSESSION  
OF THE LATTER'S PROPERTY.



MISS LIZZIE LIECHTNAUER,  
OF DURHAMVILLE, N. Y., WHO SHOT HER RETROBED, AFTER-  
WARD ATTEMPTING SUICIDE.

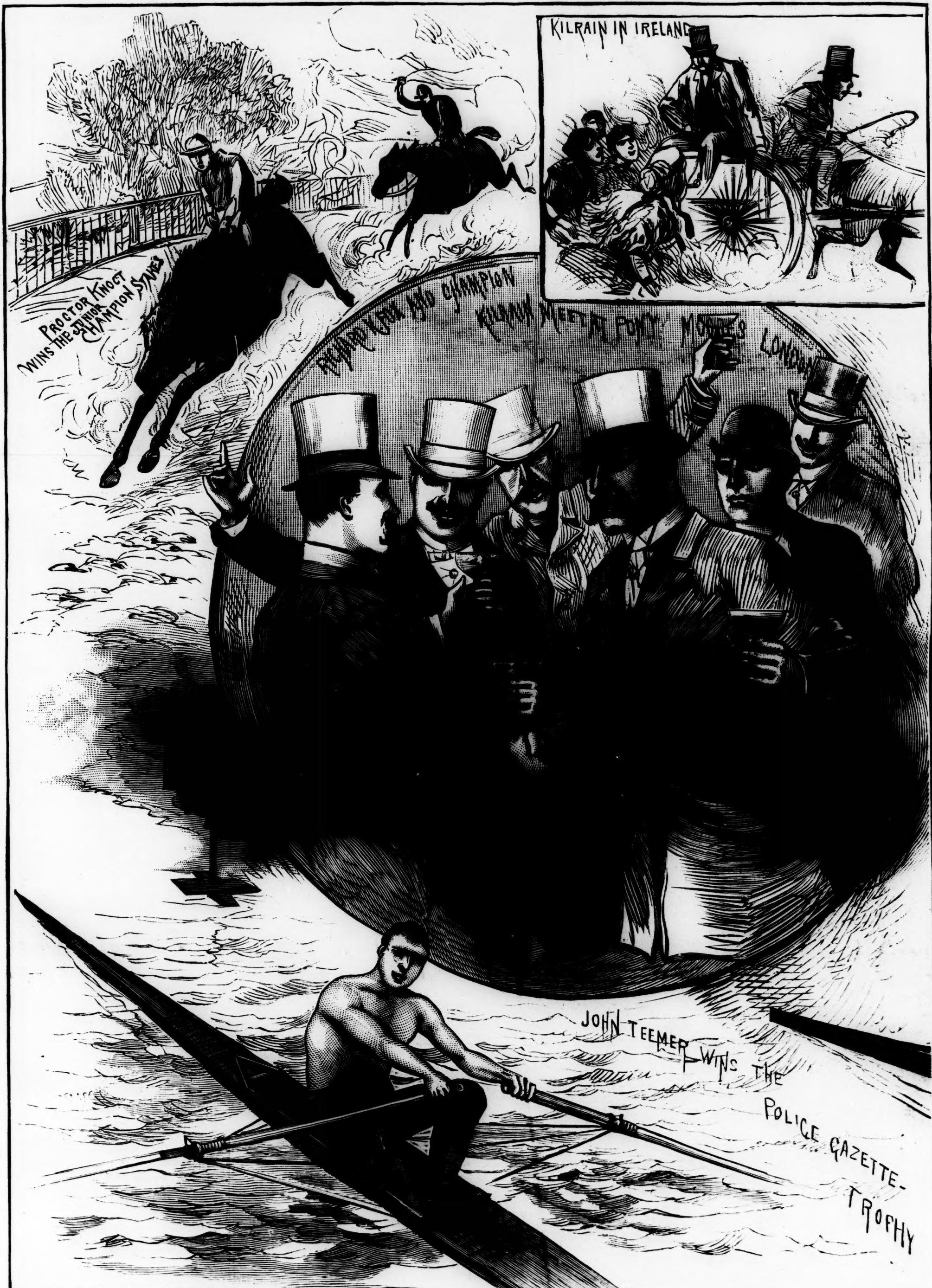


JAMES MCHENRY,  
A NOTED GREEN-GOODS OPERATOR BAGGED AT PITTSBURG, PA.,  
BY DETECTIVE SOL COULSON.



LARRY DONOVAN'S LAST LEAP.

THE FAMOUS AMERICAN BRIDGE JUMPER'S RECENT FATAL ACT OF DARING NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.



## OUR WEEKLY SPORTING PANORAMA.

GRAPHIC EVENTS HERE AND THERE IN WHICH THE "POLICE GAZETTE" AND OTHER CHAMPIONS DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES.

## PLUNGER BARNES,

The Solid Owner of  
the Melbourne  
Stable.



Wm. S. Barnes,

The big, good-natured owner of the famous Melbourne stable, is familiar to every patron of the race tracks from Maine to California. He is an enthusiastic lover of a good horse, and conducts his stable on the most honorable and conscientious principles. Among his horses is the celebrated Montrose, the Derby winner of last year. Mr. Barnes formerly owned Blue Wing. His jockey is Andy McCarthy.

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

## SPORTING NOTES.

George Godfrey, who is to fight Peter Jackson at San Francisco, arrived in that city on July 30.

Jack Farrell, of Harlem, would like another go with Havlin, and says he can get a guarantee of a \$1,000 purse.

Barney Reynolds, who formerly was manager of Tommy Ryan at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, is playing at the Bella Union, San Francisco, where he made a great hit.

The glove fight between Tommy Warren and Billy Maloney for \$200 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, was decided at the Jackson Theatre, West Superior, Miss., on August 9. Only three rounds were fought, when Warren knocked Maloney out of time, and during the eight minutes fighting he sent Maloney to the grass several times, but the latter fought gamely until he was knocked senseless.

At Monmouth Park, August 9, the Cape May handicap produced a grand race. It was for three-year-olds, distance one mile and a sixteenth. Thirteen faced the flag. They were: Garrison's Speedwell, Appleby and Johnson's Tristan, Mr. Belmont's George Oyster, P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Benedictine; J. B. Haggins' Daniella, Mr. Cassatt's Taragon, Mr. Withers' Cascade and Inverwick, Green Morrissey's Specialty, Jordan's Defense, the Chicago Stable's Santalene, Senator Hurst's Question and McClellan & Roche's Badge. The favorite was Question, closely pressed by Badge, Cascade and Specialty. Badge was thought to be anchored by his top weight of 120 pounds. Badge won by two lengths, with Taragon second and George Oyster third. Time, 1:48½; the best time made East this year.

J. B. Haggins' Firenz, with E. H. Garrison up, won the Champion stakes at Monmouth Park, Aug. 11, with comparative ease, beating Dwyer Bros.' Kingston and Santalene.

**SUMMARY.**  
The Champion stakes, of \$250 each, half forfeit, with \$2,500 added; the second to receive \$500 out of the stakes and the third to pay his stake; one mile and a half.

J. B. Haggins' Firenz, 4, by Glenelg—Florida, 113 lbs. (Garrison)..... 1  
Dwyer Bros.' Kingston, 4, by Spendthrift—Kapanga, 118 lbs. (McLaughlin)..... 2  
Chicago stable's ch. Santalene, 3, by St. Martin or Harry O'Fallon—Olena, 102 lbs. (Covington)..... 3

Time, 1:23.

The Betting—3 to Firenz, 9 to 5 Kingston, 10 to 1 Santalene.

On August 7 Walter Evans called at Kilroy's saloon, Jersey City, and challenged Jimmy Larkins, the well-known pugilist, to fight. Larkins objected, but Evans insisted, and the rear of the saloon was cleared of chairs, and two pairs of small gloves were produced. Both men stripped to their waists. Frank Guck was referee and Jeff Connolly timekeeper. In the first round Evans showed up in great form and chased Larkins round the ring. When time was called he had succeeded in landing half a dozen fall blows. Larkins, when the second round opened, went at his man with a right-hander that drove him half way through the board partition. Then he pounded him on every part of his face and body until time was called. Evans' left eye began to close and his lip was split open. The third round was a repetition of the second, except that just before time was called Evans was put to sleep by a right-hander which landed on the point of his jaw. He lay on the floor five minutes, and when he came to showed the white feather. His face was in a terrible condition. His lips were swollen to twice their natural size. His left eye was blackened and half closed and his right was but little better. He did not go to work yesterday, but sent a letter to the superintendent of the rubber factory saying he had found a better job.

In a room in this city on August 7, Tom McGrath and Con Donnigan, two well-known athletes, fought for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Jim McCourt seconded Donnigan, and Jim O'Rourke did the same for McGrath. McGrath weighed 155 pounds, while Donnigan tipped the scales at 160. Both men were in the pink of condition. Johnny Fink refereed and Barney Schick kept the time. In the first round McGrath reached for his opponent's peepers, and succeeded in landing a heavy blow. In the next round Donnigan returned the compliment with a heavy swipe on McGrath's jaw. At the end of the third round Donnigan seemed to be the fresher. A fearful right-hander came in contact with McGrath's right ear and boored him in the fourth round. Mac regained his feet and rushed on his opponent. He was the unhappy recipient of a beauty in the mouth, which caused the juice to flow from the lower lip. First knockdown and first blood were claimed by Donnigan and allowed. In rounds 4 to 28 some very clever sparring was done. The men seemed fresh and able to fight on forever. Donnigan had a slight advantage and he was freely backed. Round 24 was very exciting. Donnigan, greatly enraged, flew like a tiger at McGrath and endeavored to smash his head against the ropes. He was warned that repetition of the act would lose him the fight. Up to the twenty-eighth round Donnigan seemed to have the advantage. In this round

he became wild and was greatly punished. Bets of 10 to 5 were offered on McGrath when "time" was called for the next round and the last. Donnigan tried to reach McGrath's bugle, but failed. Donnigan was sent into the presence of King Nod, spending ten minutes in delicious repose on account of a stinger on the right jaw. A purse of \$25 was raised for him as a reward for his pluck.

## JEALOUS VIENNESE FENCERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The mock sword practice between the Viennese fencers at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, Mass., was varied on Friday night by a real duel. For some months past Mathilde Tagamann has been the favorite swords-woman of Prof. Hartl, the manager. Anna Brantlo has been jealous of her rival and when the two came on the stage on the occasion in question blood was in the eyes of both.

After parrying a few moments Miss Brantlo rushed upon her opponent with great fury. They parried and fought in anger for at least fifteen minutes. Meanwhile the audience arose to its feet and yelled and cheered the combatants, while several ladies faint d away. Finally Miss Brantlo forced the favorite to the wings of the theatre, beat her down upon the floor of the stage and pulled her hair in token of victory.

The two rivals were separated finally, but no such sword practice was ever seen in Boston before. Miss Tagamann feels humiliated over her defeat and says nothing.

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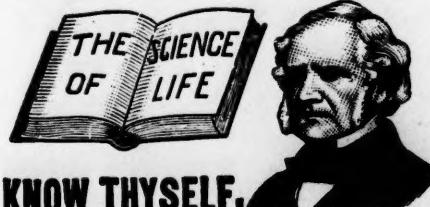
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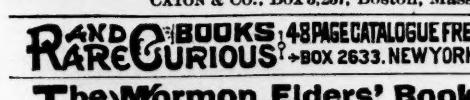
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